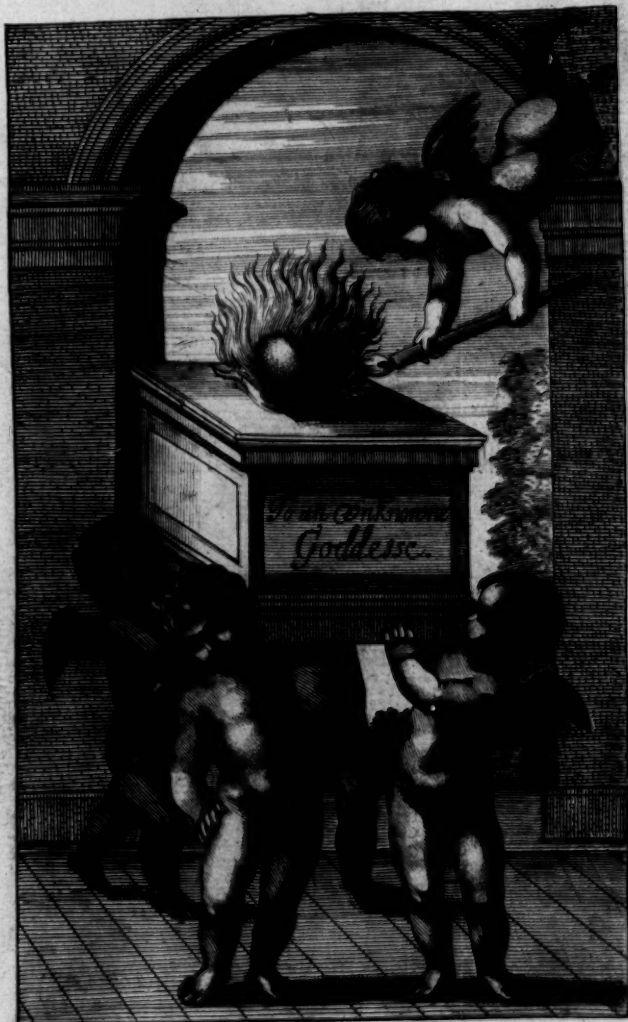


AMANDA,





AMANDA,  
A  
SACRIFICE  
To an Unknown  
GODDESSE,  
OR,  
A Free-will Offering  
Of a loving Heart to a  
Sweet-Heart.

---

By N. H. of Trinity-Colledge in CAMBRIDGE.

---

Unus & aliter  
Forſitan hac ſpernet juvenis—  
Sed quiſquis eſ accipe chartas,  
Scribe.

---

LONDON, Printed by T. R. and E. M. for Hum-  
phrey Tuckey, at the ſigne of the black Spread-  
Eagle, near St. Dunſtons Church. 1653.

ALMA MATER

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ALMA MATER

46



To the Honourable  
*EDWARD MOUNTAGUE*,  
SONNE and HEIRE Apparent  
TO THE  
Honours, Estate and Vertues  
Of the Right Honourable  
*EDWARD*  
*LORD MOUNTAGUE*,  
*BARON of Boughton.*

SIR,

T may be happily guest I am  
Planet-struck, and deeply in  
love with some red and white  
rarity; I confesse *Beautie* is a de-  
lectable *philtre*, especially when the glan-  
ces of the eyes are amorous; I know *love* is  
both *Febris Diaria* and *Hæctica*: but I thank

A 3

my

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

my Starres, I never as yet felt those *Ephemeral* Fevers ; I have had as few fits, and as gentle *Paroxysmes* of such hearty Agues, as it is possible for flesh and blood in the like temper to conceive ; I am neither Atheistical nor Superstitious, neither hot nor cold : I give the world leave to conclude me tepid and luke-warm, and shall take the like freedom in conjectures of my next neighbours constitution and motions : But say I were wounded, and *Cupids* shaft stuck fast in my liver, I should think my self in no respect blameable, but that I stood in the way, and this may passe for a childe's fault : Besides, *Amanda* is more tempting then ordinary, and (as much as her sexe admits) like *your selfe*, good and beautiful ; I mean not the issue of my fancie, for then I should not only basely fall in love with my own offspring, but commit a *Solæcism*, worse then that of Incest, in the comparison of things, which make no more approach to an equality of strength,

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

strength, then taplash and the best *Nectar* of the Grape; It is *Amanda* my *Dear Mistris*, that bright lamp of *beauty* and goodnesse, which vies perfections with the best constellated *goddesse*, that ever was deified by the most amorous *Enthusiast*, and beyond all, with the admirable *Idea* of your person. She it is, in whom I love and worship your picture, in whose likenesse I adore you. And in truth, I think my *Religion* in this transcendently reasonable to that of the common *Catholique*, whose best devotions have not more zeal, but lesse sense, and not half so lively a resemblance of a *Seraphical* being. Had I *Vandikes* pencil, I durst not give a draught of your person, I must of necessity forbear that to keep the best and most chaste *Madams* from longing; As for your high-borne soul, we can only see the *Sunne* in the water by some reflexe beames, it is too gloriously resplendent, and dazles our

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

weak eyes, if we gaze on it in its fiery chariot, whose horses are flames trapped with rayes, whose wheelles are lightning without ratlings of thunder, and whose driver is a bright Angelical *Intelligence*, ever darting irresistibile flashes of *Beantie*: I will not undertake to sound a Triumph of your Vertues, unlesse my trumpet were silver, and I my self more blab-check't, that the report and *Echo* of your name, which hereafter I am confident wil run mazes in the meanders of mens ears, might be clearer, stronger and more lasting. Yet as short-winded as I am, I cannot but venture at one blast, and I dare sound it boldly. Neither is your *Honour* nor Estate, (though you stand richly possesst of both) equivalent to your *Beantie*, nor the incomparable Fabrick of your body, (from which a *Tytian* might learn proportion) sufficiently answerable to the complexion of your soul, which the best *Princesse*,

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

cesse, might securely take for her *tutelar genius*, and the most religious Zealot for his *good Angel*. And if this be not a publick and more general Confession, the world hath not eyes enough to esteem you at your worth. It is no matter whether I call it want of judgement or over-sight; those fine sober things which the world termes discreet, may be a little guiltie of both.

But to give you the main reason of this present to your *Honour*, beside the many private obligations, which enforce me; I know none a more competent Judge in *Poesie* then your self. You have surveyed more ground in the sweet *Tempe* of the *Muses*, and to better purpose, then many who have walk't *Parnassus*, as often as Duke *Humpbreys* spider-catchers do *Pauls*, only to tell steps, and take the height of a cob-web fancie. You might better have writ man at fifteen, then not a few; (and those of no  
mean

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

mean thoughts,) who have half doubled your age; At those yeares when others do usually ride Hobbies, and swagger astride broomsticks: Your Honour was mounting the *great horse*, and learning to manage the noble swift-winged *Courser*. Me thinks I see the best wits strive to be your Lackeys, as if you only could create *Laureats*, which is no small preferment, for every *Poet* is *Apollo's* footman, and consequently *Worshipful*, and an *Esquire* by his place. You differ as much from an ordinary Poet, as a Traveller from a Map-Geographer, who by the help of old *Ortelius*, or *John Speed* our English *Mercator*, hath gone beyond sea, and rid post over the *Alpes* in his chamber. *Thalia* is proud you admit your self her Familiar, your hands must be kist, when others stand aloof, bare-headed like her waiting Gentlemen; you carouse with the frolique *Lady* at the Fountain, and sip *Helicon* in gold goblets, while



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

while poor vulgar Students only refresh  
their temples with a wet finger, and beg  
rithmes in a night-cap. Had you liv'd  
sooner at *Sucklings* Sessions, you had  
sav'd Sir *W. Davenant* an oath, and wi-  
ser *Apollo* would have known better  
where to bestow his Laurel, and given  
more content to the lesser wits. I assure  
you, it is seldome the *Muses* Nag findes  
such good pasture amongst Noblemens  
horses; for most commonly a Gentle-  
mans *Pegasus* is as ill favour'd as *Pha-  
raohs* lean Cowes, not paimper'd, plump  
and faire buttock't, like the Ass his Ma-  
ster, and yet feeds upon thistles. You  
are borne to that which others must ditch  
and hedge for, and yet come short, as if  
*Poëta nascitur* were your birth-right;  
For my part, if your Honour shall but  
smile on *Amanda*, and entertaine the  
chaste Girle as your Handmaid. I shall  
think her better adopted, then if she  
had brave old *Ben*, or some pregnant fa-  
mous

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

mous Court-wit for her father.

Sir, though my sweet *Amanda* dare not venture abroad to see her friends without you, and your presence be the best of any I know, to make way for a Lady, yet she presumes not to take so *Honourable* a personage for a Gentleman-Usher, or one with broad shoulders to thrust aside the croudes and throngs of censures she shall meet with in her walks; But being yet childish, and not able to go alone, she humbly kisses the hands of her most noble *Guardian*, in whose armes the little Moppet loves to be dandled, and shewn out at the window. Indeed she is so much an Infant, that were not the face of a *Godfather*, in these *Anabaptistical Antichristian* times, worn quite out of fashion, I should have made bold to call your *Honour* to the Font; Many a poor man hath had (witnesse *Charles Murrey* the Cripple) his *Majestie* the King himself, (some would have said, *God bleesse him good man*)

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*man*) for his Gossip. But I most of all  
wish the *Sponsalia* were at hand, you might  
affiance and betroth *my Dearest*, (I know  
whom) to him who never knowes suffici-  
ently how to expresse himselfe, what he is  
ever ambitious to be

The Humblest and most Faith-  
ful amongst your Honours  
most devoted Servants,

N. HOOKES.

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The Epistle Dedicatory  
away for the College. But I shall be  
with the speaker in your hand, you might  
think me a better man than I am. (I know  
whom) to him who never knows himself  
only how to expect himself, what he is  
ever ambitious to be

The Humble  
and most obedient  
servant

M. WOODS.

66

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I

To the Author upon his *Amanda*.

Courage, (my friend,) boldly assay the stage,  
Maugre the uncouth humours of the age,  
Though wit th' unsavoury thing be out of date,  
And judgement triumph in the fancies fate,  
Poetry's heresie, and schisme pure,  
(As is *free-will* or humane literature.)  
Yet shall thy Mistresse thaw the Stoicks breast,  
And prove *Amanda* to discretions test.  
But doubtful whether Muse or Mistresse be,  
The faire *Amanda* that is meant by thee;  
Resolv'd that though thy Madam lovely be,  
She paints t' inhance her endlesse tyrannie.  
Hadst thou (without a rithme) said, *Good and Faire*,  
Th' hadst matcht the highest loves that couchant  
In mortal breasts, thy zeal forgetting bound, (are  
Has quite o'reshot loves landmarke, and gaines  
(ground

On admiration, dull without desire,  
As without warmth the elemental fire:  
The famons *Grecian* beauty's stollen face,  
And most choice borrow'd parts fell short of grace,  
She had been more then the intended she,  
Had she but filch't *Amanda's* Poetrie.  
I'le not assesse thy merits, wise men soon

Will

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Will judge thee worthy, and for this thy boon  
Each *Amarado-Profelyte* of thine  
Pays his devotion to *Amanda's* shrine.  
But if to please lesse knowing men seem safe,  
Raile at *Socinus* in a *Paragraph*:  
Confute *Arminius* in *English* phrase,  
So shall dull men yield suffrage to thy praise.

M. P.

*Midd. Temp. Gent.*

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To

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Upon his ingenious friend's most ingenious  
Poeme, intituled *Amanda*.

**I** Am mistaken, 'tis not he,  
Though Doctour of loves Harmonie;  
The Musick of all *Plato's* blisse,  
But a *Preludium* was to this.

Sure 'tis some nobler *genius*, one  
That teaches him perfection.

In's Song, whilst he was penning it,  
His lips drop't honey as he writ,  
Nay tis more heav'nly, more divine,  
Sweet *Nectar* flowes from ev'ry line,  
Whilst hedid quaffe the gods *Canarie*.

An *Angel* was his *Secretarie*.

'Tis pure, although not sanctifi'd,  
Clean gold, and current, though untri'd,  
A piece as full of beauty, as  
The Authors fairest object was,  
Nor lesse inimitable then

That mirrour, which if ever seen,  
Never exprest by th'best conceit,  
For who can reach his fancies height?  
It makes a question whether she  
Or it, be th' greatest raritie.

Such as some think soar'd above,  
And took from thence this grace for love;  
No, no, it hover'd 'bout his minde,  
*Amanda* there a Heav'n will finde.





There's none shall read *Amanda*, but ev'ry line,  
(*Heavens!*) *ten thousand worlds that she were mine!*  
She's sure too good to be enjoy'd (but I)  
Oh that I might but see her once, and die!  
Is't not some *goddesse* [that having long desir'd]  
At length hath stoll'n from Heav'n to be admir'd?  
To love her 'tis presumption, wish I cou'd  
That I were better, she not quite so good:

Go boy, go sleep, *Cupid* unbend thy bowe,  
Break all thy darts, thou'lt lost thy trading, go,  
Turn Phyfician, if again thou'dst be  
A heart-wounder, study *Loves remedie*.

What meant you, Sir, to set the land on fire?  
Some wish, some hope, some envie, some desire;  
I pray the gods (let me not pray in vain)  
Enjoy your *love*, and put us out of pain;  
*Amanda* deserves the best, 'tis as true,  
There's none deserves *Amanda's* love but you.

But let her still retain her name, that all  
May her *Amanda*, you *Amandus* call.

THO. ADAMS.  
*Trin. Coll. D.*



To my deserving friend the Author upon his excellent Poeme Amanda.

I Lov'd thee Dearly, it would soon be guest  
That I thus boldly croud up to be prest  
Amongst thy Giant friends, though he that will  
Draw thee to th' life must-needs have thine owne  
(quill,  
For who durst boast he could have limm'd so well,  
As thou hast done thy truest parallell  
*Amanda* thou that *vertue* thus hast drest,  
Do'st tell the world it lived in thy breast;  
If any yet objecting say, no one,  
Thou knew'st ingross't so much perfection,  
Thy only subject then they'l plainly finde,  
Could be no orher then thy vertuous minde,  
From which rich wardrobe thou canst eas'ly spare,  
Enough to deck and furnish the most rare;  
I've done, for none can reach thy Poems worth,  
*Amanda* wants no foiles to set her forth.

J. A. Gent.

**The Author to the READER.**

**H** Eav'n blesse thy sweet face, for in troth, I know,  
Though 't's ne'er so ugly, sweet thou think'st it  
(though,

'Tis a good cast o'th' eye, thou'st look't upon  
Things which brought here make no comparison.  
Women love gazing eyes, Amanda (Sir)  
Is such a toy, then pray now pleasure her;  
Perhaps she may seem beautiful, and then  
I'm sure she'll please and pleasure you agen;  
He that cracks Opticks, and doth lose his sight  
In viewing Beautie, is no loser by t;  
Oh what a sinner that poor mortal is,  
That viewes and scannes his Maker's Artifice!  
We draw from th' order this great world hath in't,  
An Atheist-confuting Argument;  
Then sure in womens world, so little and faire,  
More forcing Logick, better Topicks are;  
Why is't w' admire th' Apostles i'th' cherrie stones,  
Traduskin shewes, but 'cause they're little ones?  
Who knowes, whil'st he at female Beauties stares,  
But he may see an Angel unawares;  
Howe're'tis not unlikely he may move,  
If she be kinde, into a Heav'n of love;  
Yet I'll not make a Stoick an Amorato,  
No, I shall leave him still to reade his Cato,  
Some fine grave head, there be, whose brains are adle.

[A carelesse Nurse 'iwas crack't their sculls i'th  
(Cradle)]

Whose dull old wrinkled brow, and rotten tooth,  
Accept of nothing that is faire and smooth,  
By whom my harmlesse lines will term'd be,  
Nought lesse then speculative adulterie,  
But age and eating crabs, must needs excuse  
Their doting, peevish humours, to my Muse:

Some new-found changeling Saints, with looks  
Rolling the goggles of their bloodshed eyes, (precise,  
Will call Amanda light and trull, and scorn her,  
Yet reade her o're, and kisse her in a corner.

But how the things call'd wits will fling about,  
To see my paultrie Mistresse new come out!  
Oh these are angrie beasts, they'l kick and throw,  
Ware hornes, my Dear, or up thy smock will go.  
Troth rather then their flings we will endure,  
We'l get some flie-flaps for their gad-flies sure:  
Yes, y'es, wits wanton humours to prevent,  
We'l shortly have an Act of Parliament.

You noble, Civil soules, whoe're you be  
Whose modest, frolick ingennitie  
Cleanseth your hearts from self-conceit and gall,  
If on Amanda you but smile, and call  
Her faire, may you finde Mistresses as good  
As I can fancie, real flesh and blood.

The

## The Authour to the Ladies.

**G**reat and faire Madams, you whose star-like eyes,  
 Sunne-burn the world, and do mock the skies:  
 You Constellations, who are never seen,  
 But w<sup>e</sup> are half blinded, had your Beautie been  
 Where Hero's blinking Condu<sup>t</sup> taper stood,  
 To guide Leander sculling through the flood,  
 Ne'er had he lost his way for want of light,  
 He'd swum by day, though he had swum by night:  
 Confest, you might have vail'd, but then your praise  
 Were lost, true Beautie scornes to mask its rayes:  
 Therefore Amanda comes with open face,  
 Daring to vie this feature, or that grace,  
 With the most heav'nly, sweetest, lovely, she  
 That deserves duel: Ladies, pardon me,  
 And pardon her, she only blushing stands  
 To mingle lilies with your lilie hands.

## ERRATA.

**P**age 18 line 6, *To Amanda his friend, desiring him, &c.* for *On Amanda, his friend desiring him, &c.* p. 88, v. 6. down my flaires for down flaires, p. 94, l. 3, & e contra prout e contra, p. 160, l. 1, quares cambu cá nguines, pro patris cambucam inguinis, p. 162. fraceffis pro fraceffis, p. 128, notho pro noto, p. 129. Ita pro Ito, & suis pro suis, in the Epist. Dedic. blab-check't for blub-check't, p. 80, l. 23, Tradesmen for Aradesmen, ibid, Querpo coat for Querpo coat,



A M A N D A.

---

Beautie.

---

**B**EAUTY is *Nature's*, and the *Woman's*  
 glory,  
 The loudest *Emphasis* in the story  
 Of *female* worth and praise, the *Alphabet*  
 Where *love* doth *spell* it's first desire,  
 The field where red and white are met  
 To mingle wonder; 'tis the march,  
 The spark and tinder, which doth quickly catch  
 And light the fire  
 O'th' lamp of love,  
 Which flames within the eyes  
 Of those who towards *Cupid's Altar* move  
 To offer up their *hearts* in *sacrifice*.

*Beautie's* an honest kinde of *forcerie*  
 It hath a sweet bewitching faculie;

It is the sauce doth tempt loves appetite,  
Which to intemperance it doth oft incite,  
Till it provoke a lustful gluttonie  
Beyond the satisfaction of the eye;

Love is but *Beauties* creature,  
It hath its being from its Makers feature;

'Tis *Beautie* deifies

The goddesse *Woman*,

She whom we now so idolize;  
Without it, would be ador'd by no man.

3.

*Beautie* is *Magick* works by *qualities*  
Are lesse *occult*, how it doth *charme* the eyes  
Is visible, but ne're enough: for still  
The more 'tis seen and view'd, more lovely 'twill  
Appear, and tempt with stronger Argument

Then the first glances rais'd, i'th' cast  
Of punie thoughts and fancies, till at last

It breeds a discontent  
I'th' other senses, which all mutinie,  
(Starv'd in the surfet of the eye)

To share in its delight,  
And never lin

Till they are slain, or fairely win  
The place where *Beauties* flags to love invite.

4.

Both eyes were made for *Beautie* purposely,  
The most delightful object we can see,  
'Tis that gilds *Cupid's* wings, and makes the boy  
Be entertain'd with extasies of joy;

'Tis



'Tis the best kinde of Natures handicraft,  
 Her choicest piece of pencil work, her draught  
 In colours to the life, suppose  
 The spotlesse *lilie* and the *rose*,  
 Should blend their *damask* and their *snow*,  
 The mixture which doth flow  
 From their embrace,  
 Is *Beauty* in its pride and state,  
 Which (ne're till then) I sp'd of late  
 In the rare features of *Amanda's* face.

---

LOVE.

---

**L**ove is that harmony doth sympathize  
 Betwixt two soules tun'd *Diapason-wise*;  
 'Tis waking mans most pleasant dream, delight  
 And comfort, makes day passe as sleep doth night,  
 'Tis the best part of Heav'n man hath on earth,  
 And heav'n in heav'n 'twill be  
 Nothing but *lovely*, *loving* souls to see  
 Souls mingling *loves*, *love* getting *love* at birth.

**L**ove is the *Gordian knot*, which once untied  
 Or cut, gives way to th' *Tyrant's* *Victory* pride,  
 'Tis honest *Cupid's Atlas* of the world;

Into a *Chaos* all things would be hurl'd,  
 Were't not for *love*, the peoples hate  
 Or *love*, make or undo  
 The best of *Kings* and *Kingdomes* too:  
*Love* is the moving finew of the *State*.

Where it is absent, nothing present is,  
 But *envie*, *hatred*, *malice*, *jealousies*,  
*Deceit* and *basnesse*, whence are alwayes born  
*Horror* and *anguish*, *grief*, *despight* and *scorn*,  
*Mischief*, *revence* and *wrath*, which do torment,  
 Distract and teare the heart,  
 Gripe, and unhinge the man in ev'ry part,  
 Till all his bowels burst, and life be spent.

4

*Love* is our *Empresse*, all that beauteous be  
 Are maids of *Honour* to her *Majestie*,  
 Yet *Love* to *Beauty* often Presents brings,  
 Presented by the hands o'th' greatest *King*;  
 And 'tis no wonder *Love* this course doth take,  
 That th' *Mistris* thus should see  
 Her maids, 'tis pretty ridling *Usurie*,  
 For *Love* bribes *Love*, for *Love* and *Beauties* sake.

5

*Love* is our *Governesse*, me thinks on high  
 I see her, greatest *goddesse* in the skie,  
 Sitting and holding all in chaines; I see  
 She labours hard, that all things joyn'd may be  
 To their most proper objects, but base spight,  
 Her black *Antagonist*,

By

By man and th' devils help, whom e're she list,  
Forces to deeds of discord, *siene* and night.

Love is mans health and food, a wealthie feast  
Where *Beantie* oft hath made great *Fove* her guest,  
Then my *Dear*, fairer then the fairest she,  
*Amanda* shall be courted by *Divinity*,  
If in her sacred love she prove devout,  
With all the viand-joyes that be  
In Love, she shall be fed eternally,  
*Angels* themselves shall set the banquet out.

---

Against Platonick Court-Love.

---

**N**O greater comfort to well-minded men,  
Then 'tis to love and be belov'd agen:  
And this sweet love hath goodnesse for its mother,  
On which one love doth still beger another;  
Though *beantie* nourish love, and make it grow,  
Love feeds on other food,  
Which is as pleasant, and as highly good;  
From other richer sweeter springs doth flow,  
Love several cells i' th' wombe, and Cradles hath,  
To breed and rock, it's *Cupids* in; the path  
Wherein, with close desire it doth pursue,  
The started object may be divers too;

But who the same hare chase, their *loves* do hit,  
And ever meet in this:

What e're their feigned speech and progresse is,  
All i' the same tent do hunt and follow it.

*Loves* of one rise, ne're differ in their end,  
What ever *Lovers* in their *love* pretend,  
Making blinde *Cupid* nothing else but eye,  
'Tis counterfeit, false, cheating modestie,  
Whil' st superficial *beauty* strikes the eyes

The Consort heart-strings move,  
And play, within a tempting fit of *love*  
To ev'ry sense; *love* it self multiplies.

4.

'Tis of a spreading nature, not content  
To be at stands, till all its strength be spent;  
It is a pleasant itch, infects the blood,  
Still gathers heat, whilst it receives its food;  
It cannot rest i' th' eye, the senses do

Mingle joyes, what e're we see  
And like, if sweet and edible it be,  
Surely, we have some minde to eat it too.

5.

'Tis true, I know sometimes we use to play,  
With fruit that's pleasing to the eye, and say,  
'Tis pittie not to eat them, they're so faire,  
So often keep them till they rotten are,  
Yet the teeth water while they rotting lie;

But *love* provides for you

To

To eat your apple and have it too:  
Cloy th'appetite, and after feast your eye.

6.

Is *Admiration* love? 'tis nothing so,  
'Tis but *loves Herald*, which before doth go  
To usher in that *Regent Queen* to th' heart,  
Its Palace-royal; only acts the part  
Of *loves Scenographer*, to pitch the tent  
In that *Elysian* field,  
Where it *encamps*; the *Ensigne* who doth wield  
And flourish *beauties* flags of ornament.

7.

*Platonick love*! 'tis monstrous heresie,  
Would scare an *Adamite*, in's innocencie:  
No *Eunuch* holds it, but where e're he likes  
And loves the bait, at least in wish he strikes;  
And curses him that blanch't him so; the *Nun*

When she can please her eye,  
Though her vow curb her thoughts, yet happily  
She wishes all that might be done, were done.

8.

*Platonick love*, if *love* it call'd may be,  
Is nothing else but lust in 'ts infancie;  
Lust in the wombe of thought, which stayes not there,  
(If thought miscarry not through startling fear,)  
But comes abroad and lives, doth act and move

To reach its centre-end;  
And in the birth, (both which the childe commend,)  
*Fancie* is Midwife, *Beauty* Nurse to *Love*.

9.

*Love* only plac'd in *Admiration* !

*Complacencie* in *Contemplation* !

*Love* and no *Cupid* ! It can never be,

To fancie *beautie* is thoughts *venerie* :

'Tis new-borne childish *lust*, which puling lies,

Like th' babe more innocent

I th' Cradle then the standing stool, where pent

It gads, and at each pleasing object flies.

10.

*Love* flowes like *time*, our motions cause and measure;

What's past is lost ; the life of all our pleasure,

Is in our present instant joy ; but yet

As thoughts of past injoyments do beget

New hopes, and those new hopes get new desire,

Which differs not, but is all one

With lustful *love* and fond devotion,

Solast nights sparks kindle the morning fire,

11.

Nor doth a glance only a glance beget,

One lookes gets *love*, the next doth nourish it,

And so the next, and next, and th' other doth,

Till it attain and rise to 'ts perfect growth ;

I must confesse *love* may be starv'd, or fed

With *dazie* roots or so,

But let it take its course, 'twill surely grow

To flames, and though't must lose its maiden-head.

12.

If *beauty* do but once inflave the eyes,

It straight takes captive all the *faculties* ;

The

The *Soul* invites the *senses* to a feast;  
 Wishing the *object* would allow each *guest*  
 The *dish* it liketh most, it would employ  
 (If nothing hinder from without)  
 Contrive, and lay its utmost powers out,  
 T' enrich it selfe with *loves* most wealthie joy.

13.

*Affection* is not fed to please one sense,  
 'Tis ne're maintained at so high expence  
 Of spirits, to so small and poor intents,  
 As t' have a thing to please with complements:  
 In such *love-masques*, what e're we speak or do,  
 Surely there is some promise made  
 [Which *hopes* and *fancie* easily perswade]  
 That we shall please our other *senses* too.

14.

That *love* Camelion-like can live by aire  
 Of womens breath, without some better fare;  
 That man can love, and yet confine his blisse  
 To th' outside kickshaw pleasure of a *kisse*;  
 Nay, be surpriz'd with such thin joyes as these,  
 And like them too; yet wish no more,  
*Platonick love*! Say *Plato* kept a whore,  
 And lost his smell-smock nose by th' *French* disease.

15.

Well my *Amanda*, 'tis no glance o'th eye  
 I court thee for, that will not satisfie;  
 'Tis not the pretty babies there I praise,  
 As if to *love* were nothing but to gaze;  
 No, guesse the best; that *love* what e're it be,

Chaste,

Chaste, lawful, clean, sincere,  
And without smoke, if it be any where ;  
'Tis, 'tis *Amanda* betwixt thee and me.

### *A Mistress.*

**A** *Mistress* is not what the *fancie* makes her,  
But what her *verru*e and her *beautie* speaks her ;  
She is a jewel, which a rich esteem  
Values below its worth, she doth not deem  
Each *servant* mad in love, but reconciles  
Their feares and hopes, she only smiles  
When others laugh and giggle ; her lips severe  
And close, as if each kisse a promise were :  
Fresh as the blossomes of the *Apple-tree*,  
Sweet in the perfumes of *Virginie* :  
She puts a price on *love* ; not proudly coy,  
But modest in returnes ; the life of joy  
Which she conceives, i'th' thought o'th' *nuptial bed*,  
Is not the losing of her *Maiden-head*,  
Or some such ticklish point, but to unite  
And knit her *Bridegrooms* soul in the delight  
Of a close twine, and when their lips do greet,  
She mingles flesh, that heart with heart may meet,  
She's wary in her gift and choice, but yet  
Like an *enchanted Lady* doth not set,  
Making her *Lover* a *green-armour-Knight*



In a *Romance-adventure*, who must fight  
 With monstrous giants; and with conquering hand  
 Win her from a *fantastick-fairie-land*;  
 No she's discretely chaste, not fond of *love*;  
 Nor cruel in her frownes; her heart doth move,  
 Poy'd with her *servants* worth, and the advice  
 Of her *good friends*; she's neither cold as ice,  
 Nor yet inflam'd; she's neat and delicate,  
 Yet not lascivious in her dresse; her gate  
 Tempting, yet not affected, it hath more  
 Of nature then the *dance*; her cast o'th' eye  
 Is amorous, yet not a glance doth flie,  
 That hath a *sparkle of lust*; she's all divine,  
 And to be courted like a *Cherubin*:  
 Such is *Amanda*, who deserves to be  
*Mistress in Cupids Universitie*.

---

*In praise of Amanda's beautie.*

---

**T**He daring and most learned *Grotius* Writ,  
 (I must not venture, though to credit it,)  
 The book of *Cantabrigie* was made in *love*:  
*Love* to some tempting beauty, which did move,  
 Turne and command the wisest *Solomons* heart,  
 Forcing a *King* to play the *Courtiers* part:  
 The little *foxes* which so much displease,  
 In spoiling of his *Vine*, are little *fleas*,

Rude fleas which still leave freckles, where they stood  
To suck the *Nectar* of a *Ladies blood*;

But who so'e're that *royal* creature were,  
Compar'd to all that's good beyond compare,  
To whom that Prince the *Song of Songs* did sing,  
Though to the *daughter* of th' *Egyptian King*,  
Or some more lovely am'rous *Concubine*,  
My faire *Amanda* who is more *divine*,  
Can make me, if my heart she breath upon,  
Court her beyond the *Critic's Solomon*.

---

*His love to Amanda.*

---

**T** Here's nought like love that pleaseth me,  
Love, love, *Amanda*, love to thee:  
My fancie hath no other theam,  
Nor while I wake, nor while I dream;  
Not gold, that's made a god by men;  
Not gold, which makes men gods agen;  
Gold which makes men most fordidly,  
To Mules and Asses bend the knee;  
Not Honour, Glory, or Renown,  
To have my name flie up and down;  
No title of *Worship* pleaseth me,  
'Tis every *Beggars* bribery;  
Nothing will commit to *Fame*,  
Only my dear *Amanda's* name;  
I only care to live with thee,

To live without thee death 'twill be:  
 I envie not the Heirs delight,  
 The *hound* in's course, the *hawke* in's flight  
 Love plays a better game with me,  
 I alwayes *hawke* and *hunt* for thee;  
 I ne're frequent the *bowling green*,  
 In those madantick postures seen,  
 Where in their *bowles* men court and pray,  
 And curse and swear their time away:  
 On what designe so e're I go,  
 Whatever *bowle* it be I throw,  
*Amanda's* hand doth *bias* it,  
 She is the *Mistress*! would hit:  
 If with thy *voice* thou blesse my eare,  
 May I no other *Musick* hear;  
 I'll never *drink* one drop of wine,  
 May I but *sip* those *lips* of thine;  
 I'll never go abroad to *feast*:  
 Oh that I were thy constant *guest*!  
 How gladly would I make on *you*,  
 My *breakfast* and my *Beaver* too!  
 On thee I'd alwayes *dine* and sup,  
 Oh I could almost *eate* thee up!  
 All night on thee might I be *fed*,  
*supperlesse* would go to bed:  
 Thy sweetest *flesh* if I might *taste*,  
 Fore such a *feast* who would not *fast*?  
 No greater pleasure can I seek,  
 Then 'tis to kisse thy *blushing cheek*:  
 No further joy will I demand,

Then

Then 'tis to touch thy *like hand* ;  
 My heart so lively ne're doth move,  
 As when I hear thee call me *love* ;  
 No *flowers* pleasant are to me,  
 But *roses* which do smell of thee :  
 The *primrose* and the *violet*,  
 Which from thy brest their *adours* get ;  
 No rich delights can please my eyes,  
 With all their *colour'd rarities* ;  
 But those that represent my *Faire*,  
 Such as the matchlesse *tulips* are,  
 Where *Beautie's* flourish'c flags invite,  
 I'th' purest streames of *red and white*.

Here, here, *Amanda*, take my heart,  
 There's my soul where e're thou art :  
 I'll be thy *Monarch*, thou to me  
 A *Kingdom* and a *Queen* shalt be :  
 I'll be the *Elme*, and thou the *Kine*  
 About me close shall twist and twine ;  
 And whil'st my *Dear* like th' *Ivye* cleaves,  
 The *Oak* shall bend to kisse her leaves ;  
 I'll be thy *Landlord*, and content,  
 My body be thy *tenement* ;  
 I'll be thy *Landlord*, and consent  
 That thou with *kisses* pay me *rent* ;  
 Then shall I kisse thee o're and o're,  
 And daily *raise* my *rent* the more :

'Tis thee, my *Dear*, I love alone,  
 No *beautie* drawes me but thine own ;  
 I ne're shall see, I ne're shall finde

Another so much to my minde;  
Should I pick, and chuse, and cull,  
Amongst a whole *Seraglio* full:  
*There's nought like love that pleaseth me,*  
*Love, love, Amanda, love to thee.*

*To Amanda doubting her mortality.*

I Cannot be an Atheist in my love;  
And as the dull *Cretenses* did for *Fove*,  
Build thee a *Sepulchre*, no, *goddesse*, no;  
I nee're shall weeping to thy *grave-stone* go,  
And beg thy lovely *ghost*, to represent  
To one short glance thy *beauties monument*;  
Nor haunt the *melancholy tombes*, to try  
If my strong *fancie* can possesse my eye,  
With a blest *shadow*, like to thee my *Faire*,  
Drawing thy *portraicture* and *shape* i'th' *aire*;  
Then gaze and wonder till my *soul* desert  
Its trembling *dust*, and where thou never wert,  
Flie t' an imbrace; then look so long about,  
To finde my *fancies vanish*'t *Consort* out;  
Till my unruly *Atoms* dispossesse  
The *Agent spirits* of their *Gouverness*;  
And me to *marble* feare do petrifie,  
Leaving my *hand* to write thy *Elegie*:  
No, these are dreams fit for an *Infidel*,  
Whose *fauerie reason* doth 'gainst *faith* rebel;

*I'm better taught, and with an Eagles eye,*  
*Admit the rays of thy Divinity;*  
*Diana bathes her in the purer Springs*  
*Of thy chaste blood; and when Amanda sings,*  
*My greedy eares let chanting Angels in,*  
*And each notes Eccho calls thee Cherubin:*  
*Even at noon, thy blushing modestie*  
*Calls up Aurora; Canst thou mortal be?*  
*Then Venus and the graces too must die,*  
*For they're confin'd, and live within thine eye.*

---

*A Sacrifice to Amanda.*

---

1.

**J** Have an eye for her that's fair,  
 An eare for her that sings,  
 Yet don't I care  
 For golden haire,  
*I scorne the portion lech'ry brings,*  
*To baudy beautie I'm a churle,*  
*And hate though a melodious girle*  
*Her that is nought but aire.*

2.

*I have a heart for her that's kinde,*  
*A lip for her that smiles;*  
 But if her minde  
 Be like the winde,  
*I'd rather foot it twenty miles,*

Then kisse a lasse whose moisture reeks,  
 Lest in her clammie glew-pie cheeks  
 I leave my beard behinde.

3.  
 Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?  
 Art *Venus* for thy *beautie*?  
 If kinde and tart,  
 And chaste thou art,  
 Then am I bound to do thee dutie:  
 Though pretty *Mal*, or bonnie *Kate*,  
 Hast thou one haire *adulterate*,  
 I'm blinde, and deaf, and out of heart.

4.  
*Amanda*, thou art *faire*, well-bred,  
 Harmonious, sweetly kinde;  
 If thou wilt wed  
 My *Virgin-bed*,  
 And taste my love, thou 'rt to my minde;  
 Take *hands*, *lips*, *heart* and *eyes*,  
 All are too mean a *sacrifice*.  
 To th' *Altar* of thy *maiden-head*.

---

To *Amanda* putting flowers in her bosome.

---

**T** Is not the *pinck* I gaze upon,  
 Nor th' pleasant *Conslyp* I look on;  
 No nor the lovely *violet*,  
 Shutting its *purple Cabinet*:

Nor the white *lilie* now and then,  
 For envie looking pale and wan.  
 North' ruddie scarlet *damask rose*,  
 Like thy *lips* where *Coral* growes;  
 Nor th' yellow *Caltha*, whose fair leaves,  
 From thy bright *beauty day* receives;  
 That gilt *Sunne-dial* which doth catch  
 And hug the *Sun-beames*, *Natures* watch,  
 Which by its strange *horoscopic*,  
 To the working whispering Bee,  
 What time of day 'twas once did tell,  
 Now like the pretty *Pimpernel*,  
 When shut, when open it shall lie,  
 Takes its direction from thine eye:  
 No nor the *primrose*, though it be  
 Modest, and simper too like thee:  
 Which gladly spoiled of its balme,  
 Ravish't this morning in its bed,  
 Bequeath's thy hand its *maiden-head*.

No, but the rarest of the bower,  
*Leap-up-come-kisse me*, is the *flower*;  
 I look to see how that looks proud  
 Made in thy bosome *Cupids* shroud,  
 Then whil' st you there those *flowers* strow,  
 My love doth in Procession go;  
*Cupid* awakes, and is not dead,  
 His *shroud's* a *garland* on his head;  
 Thou'dst make a *posie* fit for me,  
 Oh that my hand might *gather* thee.



Or could those *flowers* leave me when they die,  
Those sweeter *flower-pots* a legacie.

---

*To Amanda over-hearing her Sing.*

---

**H**Eark to the changes of the trembling aire !  
What *Nightingals* do play in *confort* there !  
See in the clouds the *Cherubs* listen you,  
Each Angel with an *Otocoufficon* !  
Heark how she *shakes* the palsie element,  
*Dwells* on that *note*, as if 'twould ne'er be spent !  
What a sweet fall was there ! how she catch't in !  
That parting aire, and ran it o'reagen !  
In emulation of that dying breath,  
*Linnets* would straine and sing themselves to death;  
Once more to hear that melting *Eccho* move,  
*Narcissus*-like, who would not die in love !  
Sing on sweet *Chauntresse* soul of melodie ;  
Closely attentive to thy harmonie :  
The Heavens check't and stop't their rumbling  
And all the world turn'd it self into *eares* ; (*spheres* ,  
But if in silence thy face once appear,  
With all those jewels which are treasur'd there,  
And shew that beautie which so farre out-vies  
Thy voice ; 'twill quickly change its *eares* for *eyes* .

---

To Amanda Reading.

---

**W**Hat Book or subject *Fairest*, can it be,  
 Which can instruct, delight or pleasure  
 Poems ! Kisse me but once and I'll out-vie (thee)  
 The Authors Master-piece of Poetrie ;  
 And rather then not win and please thee in't,  
 All the nine *Muses* shall be drest in print ;  
 I'll quaffe *Pyrene* off, and write a line  
 Shall charm *Amanda's* heart, and make her mine,  
 I'll drink a *Helicon* of sack to thee,  
 And fox thy sense wih *Lovers stuporie*.

Reade on my *Fairest*, I am reading too,  
 A better book, my Dear, I'm reading you ;  
 A fine neat volume, and full fraught with wit,  
 The womans best *Encomium* e're was writ,  
 Off of my book I never cast my eye,  
 A *Scholar* I shall be most certainly ;  
 Nay, who so er'e derives his learning hence,  
 Doctor of Civil Court-ship may commence ;  
 For who (my pretty Fancie) reades but thee,  
 Reades o're a whole *Vatican* Librarie  
 Of womans worth, most women in compare  
 But Ballads, Pamphlets and Diurnals are :  
 The life and beauty of Art and Learning is  
 I'th' very *Preface* and the *Frontispice* ;  
 If in my Study reade thee o're I might,

Oh *I* could con my lesson day and night ;  
*I* and my book in all things treat of thee,  
 Then prethy dedicate thy book to me ;  
 Make me the binding to't, *I* only plead  
*I* may be cover to the book *I* read.

On these my lines if e're thou chance to look,  
 Reade me, *Amanda*, when thou read'st my book ;  
 If in the print there any errours be,  
 Accuse the carelesse *Presse*, and blame not me.

*Ta Amanda leaving him alone.*

**W**Hat businesse calls thee hence, and calls not  
 My businesse ever is to wait on thee; (me?  
 Therefore where e're you go  
*I* must go too  
 What e're your businesse is,  
 Bee't that or this:  
 Yet still my businesse is to wait on you;  
 Nay prethy, my *Dearest*, why  
 So coy and shie ?  
 Yes, yes, you'l come agen,  
 But prethy when ?  
 Here must *I* moap alone ;  
 Whil'st you some other love,  
 Or in your Cabinet above,  
 Some letters doat upon,  
 Which teach you how to say me nay ;

But know, *Amanda*, if too long you stay,  
 My soul shall vanish into aire,  
 And haunt and dodge thee ev'ry where,  
 'Tis fit when thou tak'st Heav'n from me,  
 Thou take at least my soul with thee.

*A melancholly Fit.*

SAd newes was sent me that a friend was dead,  
 It dash't my braines, and my dull heavy head,  
 Drowfie with thoughts of *death*, could hardly be  
 Supported in its doleful agonie ;  
 Nature was lost, grief stop't, my circling blood,  
 All things alike were ill, and nothing good ;  
 Awak't I dream't, then round about I saw  
 Death sable Curtains of confusion draw ;  
 All things were black where e're I cast my eye,  
 The wainscot walls mourn'd in dark Ebonie,  
 My giddy fancie into th' earth did sink,  
 I wept, and saw the clouds weep teares of ink ;  
 Ruine and death me thoughts were penitent,  
 And did in sheets and vailles their sinnes lament :  
 Then ghosts and shades in mourning did I see,  
 All threw *deaths*-heads, and dead mens bones at me,  
 But when the pale *Idea* of my friend  
 Past by, I wish't my life were at an end ;  
 And courtyng-night to shut my sullen eyes,  
 In came *Amanda*, and did me surprise ;

Taught me to live in death, kist me, and then  
Out of a *Chaos* made me man agen.

---

*An Enthusiasm to Amanda feasting.*

---

Come fill a glasse with the best blood o'th' Vine,  
Troth it looks well; 'tis a fresh vaulting wine:  
A perfum'd Nectar, yet beyond compare,  
*Amanda's* lips more brisk and lively are;  
See, see, here's pretty *Hebe* brings from *Jove*  
A golden Cup fill'd to the brims in love!  
Amongst the tipling gods, me thinks I see  
Blithe purple-fac't *Augustus* drink to thee:  
Come, ye immortal Feasters, quaffe it round,  
With heads in stead of hats flung to the ground;  
Lay down your godheads in idolatrie,  
Turne Priests to my *Amanda's* Deity;  
Ne'er fear to stoop and change your selves to men,  
*Amanda* can create you gods agen.

---

*To Amanda pledging him.*

---

How the wine smiles, and as she sips,  
Tempts her most sweet, coy, modest lips!  
The Claret friskes, and faine it woo'd  
Help its pale colour in her blood,

And mingling spirits hopes to be  
 Within her *veines* immortallie;  
 I envie it perhaps for ever,  
 It may dwell within her *liver*;  
 Howe're 'twill be conveighed at least  
 Through the chaste cloysters of thy *breast*,  
 And entertain'd before it part,  
 In both the chambers of thy *heart*;  
 Oh might I too obtaine my *Faire*,  
 Such friendly entertainment there:  
 Most happy man then should I be,  
 As thy *heart-blood* is dear to thee,

---

*To Amanda drinking to him.*

---

A Better Cordial Heaven cannot give,  
 Sprinkle a dead man with't, 'twill make him  
 And force the soul, hudling its atomes up (live;  
 To a retreat only to kisse the Cup;  
 'Tis a soul-saving kindnesse, can recal  
 Love to a frolick in its Funeral:  
 My heart shall ne'er be sad more through despair,  
 I feel a world of Heavens created there;  
 I conceive swarmes of *Cupids* newly born,  
 To which *Amanda's* Midwife; I'll be sworn,  
 My flesh turnes all to *Cupids*; here, and there  
 How I engender *Cupids* ev'ry where!  
 Still I teem *Cupid's*; *Cupids* chaste and pure,

I shall be eaten up with *Cupids* sure ;  
 On my chap't heart I feel them creep about,  
 Like *Emmets* at their crannies in and out ;  
 More and more *Cupids* still are borne anew,  
 And all these *Cupids* are begot on you ;  
 You are their *Mother-nurse*, Dear, prethy then  
 Drink to thy *Dearest* once agen.  
 Then I'll be all o're *Cupids*, my best blood  
 Shall be their drink, my heart their chiefest food ;  
*Cupids* shall eate me whil'st thou drink'st to me.  
 Eate whil'st I pledge thee too, who would not be  
 Meat for such pretty loving *wormes my Faire*,  
 Such *loving wormes* as these sweet *Cupids* are ?  
 Whil'st me their feast these *wormes*, these *Cupids*  
*Amanda* shall *interre* me, she's my *grave*. (have,

---

To *Amanda* not drinking off her wine.

---

1.

**P**ish, *modest tipler*, to't agen  
 My *sweetest joy*,  
 The wine's not coy  
 As women are ;  
 My *Dearest puling*, prethie then,  
 Prethie, *My Faire*,  
 Once more bedew those lips of thine,  
 Mend thy draught, and mend the wine.

2. Since

2.

Since it hath tasted of thy lip,  
 (Too quickly cloy'd)  
 How overjoy'd,  
 It cheerfully

Invites thee to another sip!

Me thinks I see

(The wine perfum'd by thee, my *Faire*,)  
*Bacchus* himself is dabling there.

3.

Once more, dear soul, nay pretby trie ;

Bathe that cherrie

In the sherry ;

The jocant wine,

Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye,

As more divine.

Though thou take none to drink to me,

Takes pleasure to be drunk by thee.

4.

Nay, my *Fair*, off with't, off with't clean;

Well I perceive

Why this you leave,

My love reveales,

And makes me guess what 'tis you mean,

Because at meales

My lips are kept from kissing thee,

Thou need'st must kisse the glasse to me.



To Amanda upon her smile.

**N**ow in the joy of strength me thinks I finde  
 Armies of pleasures, troop and storme my  
 How with a Giants armes I could embrace, (mind!  
 And closely clasp my sweet she *Boniface*!  
 Amanda gave a pleasant glance, and while  
 Her flowrie lips bloom'd in the modest smile,  
 Winter withdrew, I felt a forward spring,  
 As when great *Birtha* doth *Elixir* bring,  
 To drench the boughs, which by her *Chymistrie*,  
 Mantles i'th' blossomes of the Apple-tree,  
 Stil'd from the cloysters of the spungie earth;  
 Dead drunk I was, and all embalm'd in mirth;  
 Heaven past through my soul; th' *Elysian* fields,  
 Are but meer shadowes of the joy it yields:  
 My heart-strings move in tune, to its *Almains*  
 My panting breast keeps time; through all my veins,  
 Bubling in wantonness, now here, now there,  
 My fresh blood frisks in circles every where:  
 Thus in the Court the fawning Favourite,  
 When from the King his Master he can get  
 One pleasing look with vigour tugs and hales,  
 Hope and Ambition hoist his full-cheek't sails,  
 Top and top-gallant-wise, worth or no worth,  
 Into preferments Ocean lancheth forth.  
 Thus the blithe Merchant, when with even train,  
 His

His wealthie vessel glides through th' marble main  
 Hugs his good fortune, and begins to sport,  
 While *Neptune* kindly laughs him to the Port,  
 Propitious lights which at my birth did shine !  
 My *starres* speak dotage in this smile of thine.

---

To *Amanda his friend*, desiring him  
 to fall to

---

A Thousand thanks, *good Sir*, thanks for you  
 (cheer  
 And this good signe of welcome to your feast ;  
 If you observe your guest,  
 How heartily he feeds  
 On *these delicious viands here* :  
 You'l finde his love no invitation needs,  
 Beleeve me, *Sir*, I do not spare.

2.  
 I am all appetite, my hungry minde  
 Feeds almost to a surfeit on *desire*,  
 This dish 'tis I admire,  
 No cates so sweet as *these* ;  
 Here, here, I feed, here I am pin'd ;  
 And starv'd with meat, *these* juncates only please,  
 Hither my senses are confin'd.

3.  
 Here's my rich banquet, *hither* the little lad

Cupid invites; in sugar *here* are store,  
 Of sweet meats candid o're,  
 From *those* faire lips I see  
 What choice of Conlerves may be had,  
 The modest cherrie and the barberrie,  
 The best and sweetest marmalade.

4.

Here I can taste the grape and mulberrie,  
 No blush of fruits (though served in they are  
 In pure white *China* ware)  
 Is like those *cheeks* of thine,  
 Where the freshest straw-berries be,  
 Most finely tipl'd in brisk Claret-wine,  
 Me thinks they seem to swim to me.

5.

Beauty in stead of tempting sauce doth wooe,  
 Love feeds my heart, love feeds my eyes,  
 I for no rarities  
 Of quail's and pheasants wish  
 (Sir, I am *well-com'd* well by you)  
 Amanda is my *first* and *second* dish:  
 Would *she* would make me *well-come* too.

---

To Amanda desirous to go to bed.

---

Sleepie, my Dear? yes, yes, I see  
*Morphew* is fall'n in love with thee,  
*Morphew*, my worst of rivals, tries

To

To draw the Curtains of thine eyes ;  
 And fannst them with his wing asleep,  
 Makes drowfie *love* play at *boopee* ;  
 How prettily his feathers blow,  
 Those fleshie shuttings to and fro !  
 Oh how he makes me *Tantalize*  
 With those faire Apples of thine eyes !  
 Equivocates and cheats me still,  
 Opening and shutting at his will ;  
 Now both now one, the *doting god*  
 Playes with thine eyes at even and odde ;  
 My stamm'ring tongue doubts which it might  
 Bid thee good-morrow or good-night ;  
 So thy eyes twinkle brighter farre,  
 Then the bright trembling, ev'ning starre ;  
 So a waxe taper burnt within  
 The socket playes at out and in :

Thus doth *Morpheus* court thine eye,  
 Meaning there all night to lie ;  
*Cupid* and he play *hoop-all hid*,  
 Thy eye's their bed and cover-lid ;

*Fairest*, let me thy night-clothes aire,  
 Come I le unlace thy stomacher ;  
 Make me thy maiden-chamber-man,  
 Or let me be thy warming-pan ;  
 Oh that I may but lay my head  
 At thy beds feet i'th' trundle-bed ;  
 Then i'th' morning e're I rose  
 I'd kisse thy pretty pettitoes.  
 Those smaller feet, with which i'th' day

My *love* so neatly trips away:

Since you I must not wait upon,  
Most *modest Lady*, I'll be gone,  
And though I cannot *sleep* with thee,  
Oh may my dearest *dream* of me,  
All the night long *dream* that we move  
To the main centre of our love;  
And if I chance to dream of *thee*,  
Oh may I dream eternallie:  
*Dream* that we freely act and play,  
Those postures which we *dream* by day,  
Spending our thoughts i th' best delight.  
Chaste dreams allow of in the night.

To *Amanda* going to Prayer.

Stay, stay, *Amanda*, take a wish from me,  
And blesse a cushion with thy softer knee;  
Whither are all those Virgin-*Angels* gone,  
Who strew their wings, for thee to kneel upon,  
Those pretty pinion'd boyes, fat, plump and faire,  
Who joy to be the *Ecchoes* of thy prayer.  
Those golden *Cupids* fall'n in love with thee  
Thy little *Nancies* to thy Deitie.

Prethy, *Amanda*, Dearest, prethy stay,  
The Cushion, wench, where art? come bring't away  
You use your *Mistris* kindly; here, my *love*,  
Come kneel upon't. and kneel to none but *Jove*:  
What

What o'th' bare boards ! no sure it cannot be,  
 Look how they sink, and will not touch thy knee.  
 They dare not sinne so farre (my Dear) to presse  
 That flesh, and make it know their stubbornnesse,  
 Were there no bones within, thou should'st com-  
 Under each tender knee thy lover's hand ; (mand  
 Nay, my *Amanda*, take my better part,  
 And at thy prayers kneel upon my heart.

---

*On Amanda praying.*

---

**A** *Manda* kneel'd, I straight a Canopie  
 Of *Saints* and *Angels* o're her head did see;  
*Amanda* pray'd, and all the Spheres stood still,  
 The Heavens bow'd, and stoop't to know her will:  
*She* pray'd with Zeal, and then the chanting quires  
 Of *Cherubs*, list'ning to her chaste desires,  
 Stop't their sweet Anthems; still *Amanda* pray'd;  
 Then on her bosome her pure hand she laid,  
 Call'd for her heart, and lifting up her eyes,  
 Turned her prayer into sacrifice;  
 Her heart was fix't, *She* more and more devout,  
 Did sob and groan as if she'd sigh it out;  
 At length she wept, but could not shed a tear  
 To wash her cheeks, or th' roses that grew there,  
 Fine, pretty lads came thick about her still,  
 Their Crystal bottles at her eyes to fill;

Some

Some lodg'd upon her lips, all as they passe,  
 Hover, and make her eye their Looking-glasse;  
 Some set upon her cheeks, hard by the springs,  
 Her blush reflecting on their golden wings,  
 Some on her eye-lids fate, so greedy were,  
 They spoil'd the pearle, and snatch't at half a tear:

At last she ended all in giving praise,  
 Her head was faint'd with a crown of rayes,  
 Then I no longer could Spectator be,  
*Amanda's* glory had so dazled me;  
 But then I heard all Heaven cry *Amen*,  
 And pray, and sing her prayers o're agen.

*To Amanda after her Prayers.*

**W**Hat watrie still with reliques of a tear?  
 Oh prethie let me kisse them dry, my *Dear*.  
 Religious fountains which still delug'd stand,  
 Where Infant-Angels wade it hand in hand!  
 What still bedew'd? sure yet remaining there  
 Some of those pretty *tankard-bearers* are,  
 Thy late *Attendant* at thy *sacrifice*,  
 Yes, yes, I see those *babies* in thine eyes,  
 Those yellow-winged *Fairies* in thy well  
 Till thou shalt pray agen intend to dwell,  
 Earnest expectants for a tear to fall,  
 They make within thine eyes a *water-gall*.  
*Amanda* pray'd, I saw the *Angels* flie

To hear her lectures of *Divinity*,  
 And when my *Fairest* held up those hands of hers,  
 Thousands of sweet *celestial Choristers*  
 Danc't on each fingers end, delighting there  
 To fanne themselves in the perfumed aire  
 Of my *Amanda's* breath, swarm'd at her lip,  
 As Bees o're flowers, where they *Nectar* sip,  
 Then some did on her silver bosome rest,  
 Pruning their golden feathers in her breast,  
 And when my *Dearest* sang *Te Deum* out,  
 Th' *Intelligences* twirl'd the *Orbes* about,  
 But when she chanted her *Magnificat*,  
 The *Angels* then first learn't to imitate.

Yes, yes, thy prayer alwayes so pithie is,  
 So full of holy *Zeale* and *emphasis*,  
 So fraught with *Hallelujahs* it might be,  
 Heavens *Laudamus*, and mans *Letanie*,  
 Prethie, my *Dearest*, since with greatest *Jove*,  
 Thy prayers are so prevalent above :  
 I'm now thy subject, once thy *Prince* may be,  
 Pray for thy Prince, *Amanda*, pray for me.

To *Amanda undressing her.*

Thy hood's pull'd off, nay then I'm dead and  
 gone,  
 Prethie, *Amanda*, put thy night-coif on.  
 I see a thousand am'rous *Cupids* there.

Which



Which lie in Ambush, lurking in thy haire;  
 Look with what haste within those locks of thine,  
 They string their bowes to shoot these eyes of  
 mine?

Look how that little *blinde rogue* there with his dart,  
 Stands aiming and layes level at my heart!  
 The symptoms of my wounds, *Amanda*, see,  
 Oh I bleed inwards, prethie pittie me.  
 I am all stuck with arrowes which are shot  
 So thick and fast, that there is ne'er a spot  
 About me free, each distinct atome smart  
 By't selfe, pierc't with a thousand thousand darts;  
 And as a man with pangs surpriz'd by death  
 Struggles for life to keep his parting breath,  
 My nerves and sinews stretch, and all within  
 My body earne to graspe and reach thee in,  
 How could I knit and weave eternally,  
 And mingle limbs into a *Gardian* tie?  
 Shoot on, sweet *Archers*, till I'm slain with love,  
 Then like the *bedlam* who in's talk doth prove  
 What made him mad, my happy blessed ghost  
 Of this nights *vision* shall for ever boast.

Kill me, my *boyer*, 'tis mercy to be kill'd  
 With love; who would not die in such a field  
 Of damask rose, slain by her *lilie* hand?  
 Dart me to death, you pretty *b yes*, that stand  
 Upon her *breast*, the shafts which thence you send,  
 Tell me, I am *Amanda's* bosome-friend.

---

To Amanda lying in bed.

---

**I**N bed, my *Dearest* : thus my eye perceives  
 A primrose lodg'd betwixt its rugged leaves ;  
 Lain down, *Amanda* ? thus have I often seen  
 A lily cast upon a bed of green ;  
 So the sweet *Alabaster* Babie lies  
 Cradled in fresher mosse ; thy sparkling eyes  
 Dart forth such active beams, the *god of sleep*  
 Dare not come in his nightly court to keep,  
 He dares not lull thee, whil'st so bright they shine.  
 All *Argus* eyes watch in each eye of thine :  
 But when the humour takes you, that you please  
 To draw your eye-lids close, and take your ease ;  
 He hovers o're the tester of your bed,  
 And gently on them will his poppies shed :

Then, my *Amanda*, (with his leaden crown  
 And scepter queen'd) let those faire *vallins* down,  
 Those fine white *sattin vallins* o're thy eye,  
 With their silk linings of a scarlet die.  
 Let that soft hand into the bed repaire,  
 Safe from the moisture of the dampish aire,  
 Yet let me taste it first ; so keep thee warm,  
 Lie close, would I might lay thee in mine arme.

*Good night, my Dear, ne'er say good night to me,  
 Till I all night, Amanda sleep with thee.*

---

*On Amanda fallen asleep.*

---

Sleep is a kinde of death, why may not I  
Write my *Deares Epitaph, her Elegie?*

Here lies *Amanda* fast asleep,  
Whom *Cupid* guards, and *Angels* keep;

Here lies the rarest prize

Two pearles within her eyes,

So have I seen a gem

A Princely diadem

Shut in a *Cabiner*,

A whole treasury

In a small box of ivorie,

Inlaid with bars and grates of jet.

For such *Amanda's* eye-lids are

White and fringed with black hair.

Here lies *Amanda* dead asleep:

Hither lovers come and weep:

Here's a hand which doth out-goe

In whiteneffe driven snow;

Upon that sweet bag cast your eye,

There on fine, fresh, green sattin see it lie,

With knots of scarlet ribbon by:

Thus interwoven have I seen

Virgius wax candles red and green,

Proud with a fine white twist between,

Hither lovers haste and see,  
 Her slender fingers circled be,  
 Like Rings enamel'd with the *Galaxie*;  
 Her locks as soft as floven silke,  
 Through her *Alpes* do make their way,  
 And on her breasts which do out-vie  
 The icie rocks of frozen milk,  
 And th' lovely Swans soft downie thigh,  
 Her stately amorous curls  
 The saucie wantons play.  
 Whil'st two fierce *Cupids* on her nipples sit,  
 To wound the hearts of stupid churles,  
 Who passe *Amanda's* tomb-stone by,  
 And with so much as half an eye,  
 Will not vouchsafe to look on it.

Here lies my *Dear Amanda* chaste and faire,  
 Don-*Cupids* charge and *Angels* care,  
 Here she lies, and yet not here,  
 For she's buried otherwhere.  
 She's pris'ner in my heart,  
 From whence she can no sooner part  
 Than dead men from the grave;  
 And yet she there doth move,  
 Not only in the ghost of love,  
 No, though a pris'ner, yet she's free,  
 Alas, too free for me,  
 She lives my bleeding heart t'enslave.

Here my sweetest sweet *Amanda* lies,

The best, the rarest of all rarities,  
 Shrouded she is from top to toe,  
 With lilies which all o're her grow,  
 In stead of bayes and rosemarie,  
 Roses in her cheeks there be,  
 Oh would *I* thy coffin were!  
*Amanda's* living sepulchre!  
 Or would within that winding sheet  
 Our happy limbs might closely meet!  
 There would *I* chastly lie till th' day of doom,  
 And mingle dust till th' resurrection come;  
 But since as yet this cannot be,  
 For Heavens sake,  
 My *Dearest*, now awake,  
 For whil'st *Amanda* sleeps, she's dead to me.

---

To *Amanda* waking.

---

**A** Wake at length! oh quickly, *Fairest*, rise,  
 And let the day break from thy brighter eyes,  
 Hark how the early cockrel crows, my *Dear*,  
 'Tis not *Aurora's*, but thy *chaunticlere*;  
 Hark how the merry cherpers of the spring  
 To thee their *goddesse* do their *mattens* sing!  
 The purple *violets* startle from their beds,  
 Gently erecting their sweet pearly heads  
 On their fresh leaved bouldsters, each would be  
 A *Benefactresse* to thy treasury,

And shake into thy snowie breast a tear,  
 To be congeal'd into a jewel there:  
 Look how that *woodb ne* at the window peeps,  
 And slilie underneath the casement creeps!  
 It's *honey-suckle* shewes, and tempting stands  
 To spend its morning *Nectar* in thy hands;  
 Look in the *gardens* of thy *cheeks*, and see  
*Aurora* painting in thy *rosarie*:  
 The ripest *mulberries* do blush it thus,  
 Made guilty of the *blood* of *Pyramus*:  
 Nay had that modest *fruit* been stain'd with thine,  
 How like thy *lips* farre brighter would it shine!  
 Compar'd with which, who e're betimes hath seen  
 The ruddy, damask, *Nabathean* Queen,  
 With her red crimson morning waistcoat on,  
 Though in her glory she were look't upon  
 Newly with Sun-beams brush't, shall say at th'best;  
 'Tis a pale waterish rednesse in the East;  
 Nay, and that beauty which in her we see,  
 Is not her own, but borrow'd too from thee;  
 The *Sunne* himself reflects, he's but thy *Moone*,  
 Hide but thy face, and he is *eclips't* at noon.  
 Cast off that drowsie mantle of the night,  
 And rise, *Amanda*, or 'twill ne'er be light,  
 Thy *beautie* only can drive night away,  
 Rise, rise, my *Fairest*, or we lose a day.

---

*A morning Salute to Amanda.*

---

**N**OW a good morning to my sweetest *love*,  
 Health from all mankind and the *Saints* above;  
*Ave, Amanda*; spare that dew that lies  
 On thy faire hand to wash my *love-sick* eyes,  
 That at my prayers *I* may better see,  
 Virgin most sweet, to tell my beads to thee:  
*I* am a Papist, zealous, strict, precise,  
*Amanda* is the *Saint* *I* idolize.

---

*To Amanda washing her hands.*

---

**H**OW prettily those *dabchick* fingers play,  
 And sport with the cool *Nymph*, which doth  
 Their doubtful motions, opens every where, (obey  
 Where e're they please to dive and ravish her!  
*Cupid* with a *gold bason* and *Ewre* stands,  
 Shedding *rose-water* on thy lillie hands;  
 Officious *Venus* too her self stands by  
 With *towels* like thy maid to wipe them dry.  
 See from thy fingers pretty *bubbles* fall,  
 A faire *Narcissus* cloyster'd in them all!  
 No, no, that broken *bubbles* *eccho* there,  
 Told me *Narcissus* was not half so faire:

See

See in each *bubble* a bright smiling lasse,  
Each *bubble* is *Amanda's* looking-glasse.

---

To *Amanda* after she had wash't.

---

**H**EARK how these *bubbles* talk of thee, and break  
Themselves in their last breath thy name to  
(speak!

Heark how they sigh and wish they *Crystal* were,  
They might be ever pendants in thy eare!  
That water flung away! No, no, my *Faire*,  
With it no *Chymick Essence* can compare;  
'Tis *clarifi'd* and quick'ned with the *balme*,  
The morning *philter* of thy dewie *palme*.  
The sweetnesse of thy hands remaineth yet,  
'Twill make me faire to wash my face with it:  
Oh I must drink; *Amanda*, give it me,  
'Tis *Nectarella*, and doth taste of thee.

---

To *Amanda* walking in the Garden.

---

**A**ND now what *Monarch* would not *Gard'ner* be,  
My faire *Amanda's* stately gate to see;  
How her feet tempt! how soft and light she treads,  
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds!  
Yet from their sweet green pillowes ev'ry where,  
They



They start and gaze about to see my *Faire*;  
 Look at yon flower yonder, how it growes  
 Sensibly! how it opes its leaves and blowes,  
 Puts its best *Easter clothes* on, neat and gay!  
*Amanda's* presence makes it *holy-day*:  
 Look how on tip-toe that faire *lilie* stands  
 To look on thee, and court thy whiter hands  
 To gather it! I saw in yonder croud  
 That *Tulip-bed*, of which *Dame-Flora's* proud,  
 A short dwarfe flower did enlarge its stalk,  
 And shoot an inch to see *Amanda* walk;  
 Nay, look, my *Fairest*, look how fast they grow!  
 Into a scaffold method spring! as though  
 Riding to *Parl'ament* were to be seen  
 In pomp and state some *royal* am'rous Queen:  
 The gravel'd walks, though ev'n as a die,  
 Left some loose pebble should offensive lie,  
 Quilt themselves o're with downie mosse for thee,  
 The walls are hang'd with blossom'd tapestrie;  
 To hide her nakednesse when look't upon;  
 The maiden fig-tree puts *Eves* apron on;  
 The broad-leav'd *Sycamore*, and ev'ry tree  
 Shakes like the trembling *Aspe*, and bends to thee,  
 And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire,  
 To fan the curled tresses of thy hair;  
 Nay, and the *Bee* too, with his wealthie thigh,  
 Mistakes his *hive*, and to thy lips doth flie;  
 Willing to treasure up his *honey* there,  
 Where *honey-combs* so sweet and plenty are:  
 Look how that pretty modest *Columbine*

Hangs

Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine!  
 See the fond motion of the *Strawberrie*,  
 Creeping on th' earth to go along with thee!  
 The lovely *violet* makes after too,  
 Unwilling yet, *my Dear*, to part with you;  
 The *knot-grasse* and the *dazies* catch thy toes  
 To kisse *my Faire ones* feet before she goes;  
 All court and wish me lay *Amanda* down,  
 And give *my Dear* a new *green flower'd gown*.  
 Come let me kisse thee falling, kisse at rise,  
 Thou in the *Garden*, I in *Paradise*.

---

To *Amanda* seeming to deny his request.

---

Pretty, coy, modest thing! how lovingly  
 She seems to grant me, what she doth deny!  
 Troth, little *Cupid*, 'tis a pretty Art  
 To look another way, and strike a heart;  
 But why, my *boy* dost teach the *women* it,  
 Who whilst they say they will not shoot, do hit?  
 Well-plaid, good *Angler*, with thy sportive bait,  
 To catch it from me when I think I ha't.

But why, *Amanda*, am I thus deni'd,  
 And after so long *treatie* cast aside?  
 Perhaps thou lov'st to hear me ask of thee,  
 To laugh at my poor *Courtship beggerie*:  
 Canst thou be so unkinde? must I forbear

ne! To love *Amanda*? Strange! well though, *my Faire*,  
 We must return our *Pledges*, prethie then  
 Take all thy *suretie* kisses back agen.  
 First my *indebted* lips shall pay thee thine,  
 Then thou shalt kisse me till thou pay'st me mine:  
 Paying our *debt*: shall make's *indebted* more,  
 Wee'l kisseing pay, and paying run o'th' score,  
 And run so long, so deep in *debt*, *my Dear*,  
 Till neither on's can pay his vast *Arrear*;  
 So in *loves* lawful action by my troth  
 The catch-heart *Cupid* shall arrest us both;  
 And if that little *bum-Bayliffe* in my suite  
 Arrest *Amanda*, and she prosecute  
 Her *Creditor* for *debt* agen; for thee  
 I'll take no *bayle*, none shall be giv'n for me,  
 But these my armes shall thy close *prison* be,  
 And thou shalt finde a *prison* too for me;  
 Bridewel or *Gatehouse*, Heaven to my heart,  
 Whil'st thou my *Keeper* and my *Prison* art:  
 Nor do I care, but pray there may not be  
 These hundred yeares a *Goal-delivery*.

But what's the meaning of this feign'd denial,  
 Was it to check my hopes, or make a trial  
 Of my undoubted love? *Amanda*, know,  
 The hastie current stop't doth overflow.

Thou art a richer jewel, 'tis not fit  
 So little asking should obtain thee yet;  
 Porters with whom such wealthie treasures are,  
 Ope not the door till they know who is there;

Let

Let *my Dear* know I will not pillage her,  
I only ask to be her treasurer.

I love to feel that hand that pats me so,  
And seems to say me yes in saying no.

---

*To Amanda desirous to drink.*

---

CALLING for beer! know not the *gods* they ought  
To send thee *Nectar* for thy mornings draught  
I'm sure the Heavens do allow it you,  
*Ambrosia-Caudles* for your break-fast too;  
How is't? surely this lazie *Ganymed*  
Sleeps it, and is not yet got out of's bed:  
What not yet come! *Amanda*, by that face  
I'll turne this punie *Butler* out of's place,  
And drain the skies till there no *Nectar* be,  
But what the gods shall beg as almes from thee.

---

*To Amanda inviting her to walk.*

---

COME, 'tis a morning like thy self, *my Faire*,  
Sweet as thy breath the spring perfumes thee  
With the fresh fragrant odours of its balme, (air  
Still'd from the last nights dew, a pleasing calm  
Invites thee forth; there's no unruly blast,  
No saucie winde to give the least distaste;

In the disordering of those curls, which move  
 As if each haire were with it self in love;  
 Thy fingers made those rings, and ev'ry haire,  
 Thinks it doth still embrace thy finger there:  
 Heark how the birds play Consorts o're and o're!  
 Heark to that modest begger at the door,  
 Whose lungs breath spices! gentle *Zephyrus*  
 Whispers, and through the key-hole calls to us;  
 The Sunne himself yonder expectant stayes,  
 And strewes the golden atomes of his rases,  
 To guild thy paths; though in post-haste he be,  
 Yet he stands still to look and gaze on thee.  
 The Heavens court thee, Princely *Oberon*  
 And *Mab* his Emp'resse both expect thee yon,  
 They wait to see thee, sport the time away,  
 And on green beds of dazies dance the hay;  
 In their small acorn posners, as they meet  
 Quaffe off the dew, lest it should wet thy feet.  
 The black-birds whistle, and the Finches sing  
 To welcome thy approach, and not the Spring.

Come then, my *Turtle*, let us make our flight,  
 And browse it in the arbours of delight;  
 To the next *me low-Tempe* let us move;  
 Let's flie to Heaven on the wings of love,  
 And when kinde *Cupid* has conveigh'd us thither,  
 Wee'l chasteely sit and mingle bills together.

To

To Amanda walking abroad.

Come, come, *Amanda*, hand in hand wee'l walk;  
 Heark how the birds of *Love* and *Cupid* talk.  
 As if they lately had been drinking wine,  
 Each chirps a dialogue to his *Valentine*:  
 Nay, to their downie breasted Ladies yet,  
 At yon clear Crystal spring they'r bibbing it,  
 As if all bowles too narrow-belli'd were,  
 And cups too shallow, with a heartie prayer.  
 Health afet health, each to his plumie lassie  
 Carowseth in the brook, and scornes the glasse,  
 Nay, and as if they fear'd to drink it dry,  
 The hot *cock-sparrow* doth still, *Fill it*, cry;  
 See how to's *Mistris* with his tipling bill,  
 The *Nightingal* doth sweetly juggle it still!  
 That pretty *Linnet* seems to drink to me,  
 I'le pledge thy health, *Amanda*, kissing thee.  
 And whil'st those *feather'd-lovers* water sip,  
 I'le quaffe the *Orleans-claret* of thy lip,  
 And suck those bloody mulberries in,  
 Till like that fruit my lips seem'd stain'd with sinne;  
 Then sinne in 'ts blush shall make me more devout,  
 I'le kisse and sinne, and sinne a pardon out;  
 For thou'rt so chaste, that who once kisse thee may,  
 In that one kisse wipes all his sinne away;  
 Though blasphemie and murther it remit,

*Pope Joans Indulgence* doth come short of it,  
 'Tis *Heaven* it self, and on that lip to dwell  
 Is to be fainted ; of no greater hell  
 Can lovers dream, no greater sin commit  
 Then to leave kissing, and to part with it.

---

*To Amanda like to be taken in a showre.*

---

**W**ell done, kinde unexpected *Aeolus*,  
 Thy *boyes* have bravely kept the raine from  
 Thank thee, as yet we have not wet a thread ; (us,  
 Me thoughts I saw over *Amanda's* head  
 Thy *buff't-puff't blub-cheek't Caitiffes* hover,  
 And stretch their lungs to blow th' last showre over ;  
 Then the sweet *plump-fac't rogues*, when fair  
 And clear it was, as if they breathlesse were  
 To save *Amanda*, begg'd and kept a stir  
 To get my leave they might take breath from *her* ;  
 I gave my grant, they kist, each kisse did prove  
 They were no *windes*, but *Angels* fall'n in love.  
 How can my *Dearest*, then my dotage blame,  
 If I so oft call on *Amanda's* name ;  
 The courtly *Cherubims* my rivals be,  
 And *Heaven* makes thee it's *Penelope*.

---

**E To**

---

To Amanda *fearing a second showre.*

---

What means this woman-like unconstant  
 These spungie clouds so *strangely* squeez'd together  
 Should *my Deares* face be once so over-cast,  
 My eyes would deluge till the storme were past;  
 But when her pleasing Sunne-shine once appears,  
 Her rayes of beauty dry up all my teares:  
 See the clouds blown away, be then to me  
 Kinde as the stormes and tempests are to *thee*;  
 And like the *Heavens* cast those vailles away,  
 Unmuffle, *sweetest*, and thy beams display;  
 It has cleer'd up, yet still 'tis cloudie though,  
 The weather's faire, when *my Faire* makes it so.  
 Fear not, *Amanda*, but unmask thy eyes,  
 Come prethy, I'll unpin those mummeries.

'Twill raine no more, I'll kisse thy cheeks, *my*  
 'Tis *May* without an *April* showre there. (*Faire*)

---

*An Answer to Amanda's question.*

---

**P**hilosophers, who in old dayes did live,  
 Say it is *Jove* makes water through a sieve;  
 Perhaps their god is drunk heleakes so fast,



Orelse some *Doctor* must his urine cast;  
 I'll tell thee *Fairest*, *Heavens* bank'rout *King*,  
 Grown poor through lust doth *silver* hailstones fling  
 In stead of *gold*, the shower aim'd at thee,  
 He faine would take thee as his *Danæ*.

I'll tell thee, my *Amanda*, whence it is,  
 It rain'd so much to day, the reason's this,  
 The *Sunne* esp'd thy *beauty*, look't upon't,  
 And *Heaven* sneez'd with looking too much on't.

To a Rivall.

**K**eepe off presumption; horrid impudence,  
 Bold monstrous *traitor* to my *love*, get hence;  
 Strange daring faith! venture to step between  
 A jealous *Monarch*, and a chaster *Queen*,  
 Go tempt a *Kingdom* kept by the magick spell  
 Of a *Prince* politick; I'm loves *Machavel*;  
 This is my *Florence*, and thou tempt'st from me  
 Not an *Italians* wife, but *Italy*;  
 Ran sack the great *Turks* *Seraglio*, try  
 To out-pimp the lustful *Sultans* jealousy;  
 Hug the coy *lawrel*, and expect to see  
*Daphne* throw off her bark and follow thee:  
 Make old *Endymion* *Pander*, and conferre  
 With *Luna*, till thou get new *moones* on her;  
 Surprize an *Abbesse* and her *Nunnerie*,  
 Reconcile *love* to its *antipathie*;

Go dive amongst the *haddock*s and the *whales*,  
 Make love to *Mare-maids* and their *Conger-tailes*;  
 Court some faire *skillet-face*, and swear she's neat,  
 For pricking skewers well and spitting meat;  
 Some greasie *Cook-maid* whose sweet dugs suck in  
 Receive and mingle dripping with her chin,  
 Who nightly with her knife her smock put off,  
 Scrapes thence some pipkins full of kitchen-stuffe,  
 Or wooe some driv'ling *Hag*, whose pitfal skin  
 Makes lust mistake the wonted place of sinne.

On some thrum'd *Baucis* spend thy hopes and  
 (labour  
 Where thou mayest bathe thy lips in slime and  
 (slabber

Cuckold the *devil*, get some *Proserpine*,  
 Some *Succuba* to be thy Concubine.  
 Engender with the *night-mare*, and beget  
*Dreams* which may stang thy blood, and jellie it;  
 This once accomplish't, thou may'st freely ask  
*Amanda's love*, but fore thou'st done thy task,  
 If thou dare once come near this sacred Court,  
 Wherein my *Princesse* love and beauty spott,  
 Ile stifle thy rebel heart in clotted gore  
 Of blood, with knives and daggers shroud thee o're,  
 And make thee bear i'th' *face, throat, heart and back*,  
 More signes then he in *Swallows Almanack*.

*A game at Chess with Amanda.*


**J** And *Amanda* on a day,  
 Sat down a game at *Chess* to play,  
 Passing my *Bishops* with their *lawnes*,  
 She was still for taking *pawnes*,  
 She play'd, I play'd, she *cheat* me straight,  
 She wish't, I wish't it might be *mate*:  
 But then (said I) I must *check* you,  
 Or else you'l *check* and *beat* me too.

E 3

To

To his most Noble Friend Sir T. L.  
B. of *Shingle-hall*.

SIR,

**T**Hat th' only *vertue* is *Nobility*,  
'Twas spoke in *malice*, and you'l prov't a *lie*.  
The *Author* of that sentence, liv'd he now  
Would know his *wit* a *scandal*, knew he *you*.  
Nay, *Sir*, that *Nobles* are the *better sort*;  
Alas! the very *times* upbraid him for't;  
And yet some hope to see our *Noblemen*  
Some such as *you* confute the *times* agen;  
Though in their *wisdomes* now they dormant ly,  
Hush't in their private manfions quietly;  
Had they such *Martial souls*, such *fighting hands*,  
Redemption of their *rights*, three  and lands  
Were easie work, and they might bravely get  
More *honour* then a *bene latuit*,  
And th' *Art* of keeping heads on safe; But I  
Intend no *plots*, although a *liberty*  
Of *tongue* to speak in this and th' other sense,  
Is safer farre then that of *conscience*;  
Yet te'nt allow'd of; but howe're 'tis fit,  
That *Poets* still should have their *Quidlibet*:  
It is their *charter*, notwithstanding now  
I'll make no use on't; only thus to you.

*Sir*, in each cast of your commanding eye,

Such

Such reverend *imperious* glances flie,  
 Such *royal* stately looks, so sweet a grace  
 Of *presence*, that when now there is no face  
 Of *Monarch* in the land, amongst so many  
*Kings* of the *times*, if 'twill agree to any ;  
 Better I cannot make the *Court-salute*,  
 Then with *your stature* and *your greatnesse* suit  
 (Setting all *Steeple*s and all *Fat-guts* by)  
*If't please your Highnesse* or *your Majestie* :  
 Such a well-timber'd man, of such a *height*,  
 And yet your years be hardly ten and eight !  
 What ever *Nature's* second thoughts might be,  
 Her first allowance was for *Gemini*.

*Sir*, there's such mixture in your *countenance*  
 Of *Mars* and *Cupid*, such a ridling glance,  
 We doubt what in your *eyes* those sparklings move ;  
 Or *warlike* lightnings or the flames of *love* ?  
 Sometimes I've seen you (like *Prince Paris* stand  
 Ready to kisse his *Helens* *lilie-hand*)  
 All *smiles*, and then again me thinks I see  
 Within your *face* a whole *Artillerie* :  
 Thus looks a bold advent'rous *Amazon*,  
 A *Lady* with *Knight-Errant's* *armour* on :  
 Sure that *Greek Cavalier* look't something like  
 To you, who 'mongst the *Spinsters* tost a pike,  
 Which you may be, I doubt, and pause upon't,  
 A young *Achilles* or a *Bradamant* ;  
 Would any see *Venus* and *Mars* embrace,  
 They meet, and mingle *loves* upon *your face* ;  
 By which I mean there's to be seen in *you*,

Sir Thomas Leventhop, and Madam too;  
 Minos was such a Gallant sure, had you been there,  
 Nisus had sooner lost his purple hair;  
 (Sylla as love-sick, and as mad to wed)  
 You'd had a Kingdome and a Maiden-head;  
 Of all the beauties which in women shine,  
 Your Nature's ward-robe, but yet masculine.

Sir, in all this, I must commend with you,  
 Your well-belov'd, the Princely Mountague.



To Mr. LILLY, Musick-Master in  
 Cambridge.

SIR, I have seen your scip-jack fingers flie,  
 As if their motion taught't Ubiquitie:  
 I've seen the trembling Cat'lin's smart and brisk  
 Start from the frets, dance, leap, and nimbly frisk  
 In palsie capers, pratling (a most sweet  
 Language of Notes) Curranto's as they meet:  
 I've heard each string speak in so short a space  
 As if all spoke at once; with stately grace  
 The surley tenour grumble at your touch,  
 And th' ticklish-maiden treble laugh as much,  
 Which (if your bowe-hand whip it wantonly,)  
 Most pertly chirps and jabbbers merrily;  
 Li'e frolick Nightingals, whose narrow throats  
 Suck Musick in and out, and gargle notes;

Each

Each strain makes smooth, and curles the air agen,  
 Like currents suck't by narrow whirlepits in ;  
 Sometimes they murmur like the shallow springs,  
 Whose hastie streams forc't into Crystal rings,  
 And check't by pebbles, pretty *Musick* make  
 In *kisses* and such *language* as they speak,  
 'Tis soft and easie, *Heaven* can't out-do't,  
 That under *Fairie-ground* is nothing to't :  
 Who e're that earthly mortal *Cherub* be,  
 Whose *well-tun'd* soul delights in *melodie* :  
 He ventures hard, if for an houre he dares  
 To your surprizing *straines* apply his eares,  
 We finde such *Magick* in your *Harmony*,  
 As if to hear you were to hear and die.

Were you a *Batchelour*, and bold to trie  
 Fortunes, what Lady's she, though ne're so high  
 And rich by birth, should see the tickling sport  
 Your finger makes, and would not have you for't ;  
 Beyond those Saints who speak *ex tempore*,  
 Your well-spoke *viol* scornes *tautologie* ;  
 And I in truth had rather hear you *teach*  
 O'th' *Lyra*, then the rarest *tub-man* preach :  
 In's holy speeches he may strike my eares  
 With more of *Heav'n*, you with more o'th' *spheres*,  
 I've heard your *base* mumble and mutter too,  
 Made angry with your cholerick hand, while you  
 With hastie jirks to vex and anger't more  
 Correct its stubbornesse and lash it o're :  
 I've heard you *pawse*, and dwell upon an *aire*,  
 (Then make't i'th' end (as lost to part it were)

Languish and melt away so leasurely,)   
 As if 'twere pity that its *Eccho* die;   
 Then snatch up *notes*, as if your *viol* broke,   
 And in the breaking every iplinter spoke:   
 I've seen your active hands vault to and fro,   
 This to give *grace*, that to command your *bowe*;   
 As if your *fingers* and your *instrument*   
 By conspiracy made you eminent.

We have good *Musick* and *Musicians* here,   
 If not the best, as good as any where:   
 A brave old *Irish Harper*, and you know   
*English* or *French* way few or none out-go   
 Our *Lutanists*, the *Lusemores* too I think   
 For *Organists*, the *Sack-buts* breath may stink,   
 And yet old *Brownes* be sweet, o'th' *Violin*   
*Saunders* plays well, where *Magge* or *Mel* han't been.   
 Then on his *Cornet* brave *thanksgiving Mun*,   
 Playes on *Kings Chappel* after Sermon's done:   
 At those loud blasts, though he's out-gone by none,   
 Yet *Cambridge* glories in your self alone:   
 No more but thus, he that heares only you,   
 Heares *Lillie* play, and *Doctör Coleman* too.

You in the swiftnesse of your *hand* excel   
 All others, my *Amanda* sings as well,   
 No *Musick* like to hers; I wish in troth,   
 That we with her might play in *Consort* both;   
 Might I my self, and you my friend prefer,   
 You with her *voice* should play, and I with her.



---

*A Passion.*

---

1.

Solicit not my chaster eyes,  
 With those faire breasts that fall and rise,  
 I'll not lie betwixt those dugs  
 Where *Cupid* nestles, sleeps and snugs;  
 There is no *goddesse* I adore,  
 To fight with those that call her whore:  
 Thou shalt not surfeit in thy pride,  
 By me so falsely deifi'd.

*No, hang a Mistris, I le ha' none,  
 No such toy to dote upon.*

2.

*Beauties* faring, *Loves* conceit,  
 "Though her face be eighty-eight;  
 Called faithful, constant, faire,  
 Though *Vaux* i'th' dark plot treason there;  
 The *Phenix* too must build his nest,  
 I'th' blest *Arabia* of her breast;  
 Without her little dog though she  
 Or musk or civet dare not be.

*Fie, fie, a Mistris I le ha' none,  
 No such toy to doat upon.*

3

I'll be no *Merchant*; nor saile nigh,  
 Those tempting *India's* of thy thigh;

Make

Make an adventure, hit or misse,  
 And wrack my fancie for a kisse;  
 Fool to your laughing *Ladyship*,  
 To get a smile, or touch your lip;  
 Protest with oathes high and mighty,  
 That your spittle is *aqua vita*.

*No, hang a Mistris, &c.*

4.

Amongst the gallants swear and rant,  
 And of your kindnesse boast and vant;  
 Then drink diseases down, and wave  
 All thoughts of sicknesse or the grave,  
 Pledge your health, and pledge it stoutly,  
 Pray o're my cups, and drink devoutly;  
 Increase the Feaver of my lust.  
 And never dream I am but dust.

*Oh hang a Mistris, &c.*

5.

Then vault and do some *tumblers* knack  
 That speaks me man, and shewes my back;  
 Run in debt and pawne my goods,  
 To buy you fancies, gloves and hoods;  
 Then if the catch-pole chance to hale  
 And drag me to the loathsome goal;  
 There may your *servant* die and rot,  
 You never send, you see him not.

*Shame on't, a Mistris, &c.*

6.

At least I shall be curst in this,  
 Your love, your beauty common is,

Then

Then I receive my *Rivals* glove,  
 Murther, or else renounce my *love*;  
 Or late at night must walk the street,  
 Where ten to one some *rogues* I meet,  
 Only to watch till one o' th' clock  
 I th' cold to see you in your smock;

And nothing do

But look at you

And through the key-hole too.

*Oh hang a Mistris, I'le ha' none*

*No such toy to doat upon.*

All that faire and am'rous be,

Are *Mistresses* alike to me;

I'm *in love* with every one,

No, hang't, *in love* with none.

*Amanda* prethy pardon me,

*In love* with none, with none but thee.

*To Amanda mistrusting her love.*

**I**F any *Stranger* but appear,  
 Thy *jealous Lover* straight begins to feare;  
 If any *letters* come to thee,  
*Suspicion* swiftly doth come *post* to me;  
 In private if thou reade them o're,  
 I read'tis *love*, and still suspect the more;  
 If after this thou chance to frown,  
*Despair* brings night on, and my *Sunne* goes down;  
 From

From me in *anger* if thou part,  
 A fearful *palsie* shakes my trembling heart;  
 But should'st thou bid me once abstain,  
 My breath would go, and ne'er return again:  
 To rid me of these killing doubts,  
 Would I could see thee once make *Babie-clouts*.

---

To Amanda, on her picture drawn with a  
*Lute in her hand*

---

A Sweet faire draught, yet not compleatly true,  
 No, it must paint agen to be like you;  
 Niggardly *Art* must be at greater cost,  
 Else your *complexion* is in *colours* lost;  
 A neat *resemblance*, yet where're did do't,  
 Envi'd my eye, and drew a curtain to't;  
 A whimsie *limner* strange, what meant the toy,  
 Not like your selfe to make your *picture* coy!  
 Oh it was providence, thoughts of a *wife*,  
 Had kill'd me there, had you been drawn to th' life;  
 But, *Fairest*, that's beyond our modern powers,  
*Apelles* hand ought to be seen in yours,  
 And *Art* must to that work a pupil show,  
 Durst cut a line with skilful *Angelo*;  
 Yet in the cast o' th' eye would like't you'd be,  
 And then where e're I stand, you'd look on me;  
 It was my chance to see't by candle-light,  
 Had you been there I could have stay'd all night;

I kist those hands, no lesse nor more could do,  
 But yet my *fancie* kist the *substance* too.  
 Me thoughts my lips did some impressions make,  
 The awful *Car'line* seem'd to tremble and shake ;  
 Had you been there to play as I did wis,  
 I'd have *kept time* with an observant kisse ;  
 A sweeter *Lute* for you would I prepare,  
 In *tune* you should have found my *heart-strings*  
 (were ;

So mingling *aïres* and lips till break of day ,  
 We would a sweet chaste ravishing *Consort* play  
 Without a *discord*, only this I'd do,  
 I'd *keep false time*, false time in kissing you.

Oh *Fairest*, that thou were't but drawn on me,  
 Then blest should I thy happy *picture* be ;  
 I stretch my armes out, and still with the same,  
 Oh that you were but *hanging on this frame* ;  
 Then for your *beauties* sake, straight should I be,  
 Hang'd in some princely *Monarchs* gallery ;  
 Nor would I care could I but often see,  
 You come, and kindly look and smile on me.  
 Then would I draw y' agen upon my heart,  
 And be *loves* masterpiece of *Love* and *Art*.

### A Dream.

A Sin the perfum'd garden yesterday,  
 Amongst the *primrose* fast asleep I lay,

My

My busie *soul* upon a ramble went,  
 By *love* and *fancie* on an errand sent.  
 In at *Amanda's* private chamber door  
 She made her flight, and view'd her o're and o're.  
 The more she look't, the more she lik't, and fain  
 She would have staid, and ne'er return'd again;  
 First on her *cherrie lip* she plaid, and then  
 On her faire *cheek*, so to her *lip* agen;  
 Where having suck't till she was fill'd with *love*,  
 She drop't into her downie *breast*; the next remove  
 Was to the chamber of her *heart*, to see  
 If she could take possession there for me;  
 When in she came, there pretty *Cupid* sat  
 In state, and laugh't at her, she glad of that  
 Kindly embrac't and kist the *smiling boy*,  
 And whil'st they kist, my *Sweet-heart* leap't for joy;  
 Then could my jocant *soul* no longer stay,  
 But straight to bring the newes *came post* away:  
 Her flight was swift, and with her lovingly  
 She brought along, [most willing companie]  
*Amanda's soul*, so loth to part they were;  
 The best on't is, she left a *Cupid* there.

*To Amanda on her dimples.*

**W**hen e're I let my meditations flie,  
 And give them wings to take their libertie,  
 Like the neat *Cyprian* bird, the cleanly Dove,  
 Which no fowl sloven stenement doth love,  
 But a faire stately house, and nere forsakes  
 The pleasant fabrick to which once it takes,  
 So my thoughts flie, (from whence they ne're will  
 So th'comely mansion of a candid heart; [part]  
 Each winged thought to thee, *Amanda*, flies,  
 And under th' crystal windowes of thine eyes  
 Lights on thy damask cheeks, where they do play,  
 The wooing turtles winding every way,  
 Till by young *Cupids* craft they're taken in,  
 Love's dimpled pitfalls of thy cheeks and chin,  
 Three nests of new-flown smiles on roses near,  
 To which a thousand unflegg'd *Angels* are,  
 Chirping pin-feather'd, pinking *Cherubs* sit,  
 Sweet blushing Babes playing at cherrie-pit,  
 Some win and smile, some lose their cherries, then  
 Down to thy lips, and gather fresh agen,  
 Sweet kissing lips, which all the Winter shew  
 The ripest cherries, and their blossomes too,  
 When e're thou weep'st, each *Grace* doth snatch a  
 And fill a dimple with't, then wash her there, (tear,  
 That pimping *Cupids* come, to cool their wings,

In these chaste vailes, each from thine eye-lid  
(bring

A liquid crystal pearle, whose parts in love  
Unto each other as a centre move,  
So it remaines a gemme (though moist and wet)  
Whose *superficies* is its Cabinet,  
And loth to break it is, till hastily  
An Infant having snatch't it from thine eye,  
Flies to a pleasant dimple, and within't  
Dissolve the Jewel, and so bath him in't,  
Baths in a dimple, which of rosbuds smells,  
Thine eyne and cheeks the *Graces Bath and Wells*.

---

*On Amanda's black eye-browes.*

---

N Ear to an eye that sparkles so,  
'Tis strange so dark an hair should grow  
Upon a skin so white and faire,  
'Tis strange there is so black an hair,  
At first 'cause it so near doth lie,  
I guesst 'twas Sunne-burnt with thine eye,  
But then I thought if so it were,  
'Twould melt the snow which lies as near,  
And scorch and make those lilies die,  
Upon the shuttings of thine eye,  
And those fresh roses to which grow,  
Upon thy sweeter cheeks below.  
Then I conceiv'd that there might be,



In those black browes a mystery;  
 That *Venus* for *Adonis* sake,  
 Commanded nature there to make.  
 (A pretty strange conceited thing)  
 Two arches of a mourning ring.  
 Thence 'tis that those black haire do grow;  
 Thence are thy browes enamel'd so.

---

*Good wishes to Amanda.*

---

**M**ay my *Amanda* live,  
 And live in health,  
 May no defease, no crosse,  
 No sudden losse,  
 Nor want of wealth,  
 No angry push, no pain nor smart,  
 Afflict or grieve,  
 Her tender melting heart.

2.

May th' Heavens and the earth  
 Conspire her mirth,  
 By *Io* I conjure thee *Fove*,  
 May all that's good  
 Club her delight,  
 May *Cupid* give her all the sweets of love,  
 And kindly in the coolest night  
 Most chastely warm her blood.

3.

Ne'er may she wipe a teare,  
 From her bright eye,  
 Ne'er may she sigh or weare,  
 A mourning vale,  
 In black, look pale,  
 Till in her cheeks those fresher roses die,  
 And where they blush it so,  
 Nothing but gasty lilies grow.

4.

Ne'er may she scowl or frown,  
 Or chafe or fret.  
 Ne'er may she meet a Clown,  
 That smells of sweat,  
 By him be kist  
 Ne'er may the bristles of a bumpkin's chin,  
 Or th' gripes o's callow fist,  
 Injure her softer sweeter skin.

5.

Ne'er may my Dearest die,  
 A sudden death,  
 Nor on her death-bed lie,  
 Gasping for breath,  
 Whilst all about  
 Her friends drop teares.  
 But like a brighter lamp i'th' end,  
 May she burn clear and spend,  
 Her store of oyle, and so go out.

6.

Ne'er may her slender wrist,

Be over-prest,  
 Nor rudely wrung too hard;  
 May her faire hand,  
 Be luckie still;  
 At what e're game she playes, may she command  
 The surest winning card,  
 And never may she want her will.

7.

Amongst great Madams whatsoe're,  
 My faire appear,  
 Ne'er may she want an eye,  
 To admire and gaze,  
 Nor tongue to praise  
 Her rare well-featur'd physnomie,  
 Still may she called be  
 The sweetest and the fairest she.

8.

And if the greatest *Jove*  
 Shall blesse me so,  
 So as to make her mine,  
 And she shall know  
 No other love,  
 All the night long upon her slumbring eyne,  
 May *Cupids* lodge in swarmes,  
 Ne'er may she startle from mine armes.

9.

But if I can't be thought  
 Worthy that love,  
 For which so long I've sought,  
 For which I've strove,

So zealously,  
When I am gone and lost, oh may she finde  
A heart as kinde,  
That knowes to love as well as I.

*Amanda's Beantie preferr'd.*

OF noted pearlesse beauties I shall tell,  
Yet leave *Amanda* without parallel,  
From thy bright eyes I have receiv'd a wound,  
Deeper then *Henry* from his *Rosamond*,  
I'll be thy *Knight* and *Vaughans* office do,  
I'll be thy *Labyrinth* and *Keeper* too

As thou art fairer then *French Isabel*,  
So in thy breast farre greater comforts dwell;  
Thy love can me to richer joyes prefer,  
Then, e're she did her lovely *Mortimer* :  
Had'st thou been living when that famous *Lasse*  
*Fitz-waters* daughter so admired was,  
Sweetest *Matilda* when to *Dunmow* gone,  
Had ne'er been courted by the Princely *John*,  
If my *Amanda* e're shall be a *Nun*,  
Oh *Heavens* may she be a wedded one,  
I'll answer all her Vowes of chastity,  
I'll be her constant *Monk* and *Monastery*,  
I'll be the careful *Abbot*, she shall be  
My pretty *Abbesse* and my *Nunnerie*,

When

What though the *Nunn'rie* fall, we'll love, and then  
Replenish with young *Monks* and *Nunns* agen ;

Because thy beautie is of greater power,  
Then that of *Alice* walking on the tower,  
Storm'd by all features in their excellence,  
*Edward the black* (that stout victorious *Prince*,)  
With lesse disdain might have been check't by thee,  
Then by the *Lady of Count Sal'sburie*,

If *Owen Tudor* prais'd his *Madams* hue,  
'Cause in her cheeks the *rose* and *lilie* grew,  
Thou'rt more praise-worthy then was *Katherine*,  
There's fresher *York* and *Lancaster* in thine :

Had thy sweet features with thy beauty met  
In *William de-la-pool's* faire *Margaret*,  
The *Peers* surpriz'd had never giv'n consent,  
For th' *Duke of Suffolks* five years banishment,  
For the Exchange of *Mauns*, *Anjou* and *Main*,  
T' have giv'n a Kingdom for thee had been gain:

What King would not his Crown and Scepter  
(pawne,

To purchase lilies, and the whitest lawne,  
From thy pure hands, jems from thy sparkling eyes,  
Thy rubie lips, and such rich rarities ?  
Who would not leave a throne. one night to lie  
Upon the sweet bags of thy *Rosarie* ?

Most princely *Virgin*, had'st thou lived, when  
The goddess *Beautie* was ador'd by men ;  
*Edward* would have preferr'd thee farre before,  
The Goldsmiths Jewel, famous *Missresse Shore*,  
Had he but seen thy face, and heard thy wit,

To thee that *King* his sugred lines had writ,  
 The great Controwler *Love* had made thee be,  
 Great Lady *Gouvernesse* to's *Majestie*:  
 For who *Amanda* would not put off state,  
 And lose a Heav'n with thee t' inoculate?  
 Who would not forfeit all his libertie,  
 Lock't up and folded in thine armes to be?

Were I a *Sultan* or an *Emperour*,  
 Thus would I write to thee my *Paramour*.  
 "Off go my robes and these gold chaines of mine,  
 "To twist my legs with thole soft legs of thine;  
 "I'll be no longer *Prince*, may I but be,  
 "Squire o'th' body to so faire a she;  
 "I'll lose my honour and my royal throne,  
 "And think I have them all in thee alone;  
 "I who am worship't with a bended knee,  
 "Will be thy servant, and bend mine to thee;  
 "Off goes my Crown, I'll be no King of men,  
 "That *Princely* name I'll ne'er put on agen;  
 "Till thou into thine armes when I am hurld,  
 "Shalt make me *King* of thy sweet *lesser world*;  
 "No kingly pleasure like to *loves* delight,  
 "Thy kisse shall crown me, I'll be crown'd all night;  
 "And when the pleasant night is past away,  
 "Then shall succeed my *Coronation* day;  
 "Wee'll spend our time in love's sweet merriments,  
 "In stately tiltings, justs and tournaments;  
 "Like the stout *Brandon* in the Court of *France*.  
 "His loved *Mary's* honour to advance;  
 "Had he then took (thou brightest Queen of light  
 "thy

" Thy name his signal when he 'gan to fight,  
 " Without chastisements from his piercing steel,  
 " The Giant *Almain* had been forc't to kneel;  
 " Were *Surrey* travel'd now to *Tuscanie*,  
 " Off'ring to reach his gauntlet out for thee;  
 " If on the guilt tree in the List he set.  
 " Thy pretty, lovely, pretty counterfeit,  
 " All Planet-struck with those two stars, thy eyne,  
 " (Outshining farre, his heav'nly *Geraldine*;) M  
 " There would no staffe be shiver'd, none would  
 " A beautie with *Amanda's* to compare: (dare,  
 " All those faire Ladies which we Beauties call,  
 " Are *Mauritanians*, and not faire at all,  
 " The proudest *Madam*, and the brightest she,  
 " Is but a *Gypsie*, if compar'd with thee,  
 " And all those *Princely* faire ones that live nigh,  
 " Are tawnie, rann'd and sun-burnt with thine eye;  
 " Off goes my robe, and these gold chains of mine,  
 " To twist my legs with those soft legs of thine.

Thou art so faire, that in a Sun-shine day,  
 When *Phæbus* beams are darted ev'ry way,  
 If thou walk out with thy encountring eyes,  
 Sweet *Daphne* fills me with strange jealousies,  
 Should thy chaste body turn t' a Lawrel tree,  
 Oh may my browes be e're impal'd with thee;  
 If I'm a Poet thou hast made me so;  
 Then if thy armes to Lawrel branches grow,  
 'Tis fit in justice, and in love thou twine,  
 Those leavie armes about this head of mine.

In the green pastures, if thou walk about,  
Where

Where crooked crystal streams flow in and out,  
 If *Jove* should change thee as his *Inach* is,  
 Streight would I wish my *metempsychosis*;  
 A female shape my loving soul should take,  
 So would I be a Milkmaid for thy sake;  
 My lips should milk thee, and thy milk should be  
 Sack possets, and sweet Syllibubs to me;  
 Into a Cow by *Jove* wert thou betraid,  
 I'd stroke thy tetts, and be thy darie-maid;  
 The god must needs change me in changing you,  
 If thou wert *Id* I'd be *Argus* too. (there,

Within the wood, when thou walk'st here and  
 The chaste *Calisto's* storie makes me fear,  
 Up to the Sun if thou but lift thy eyes,  
 I'd read the peevish *Clytie's* jeaioufies;  
 Thinking thou may'st by *Phæbus* be prefer'd,  
 I think on her who was alive interr'd,  
 Interr'd alive should'st thou (my Dearest) be,  
 For *Phæbus* sake, as was *Lencothoe*;  
 Surely the mournful Sunne to solemnize  
 His fairest well-beloveds obsequies;  
 Would weep upon thy grave, (to sprinkle thee)  
 Showres of *Nectar* to eternity; (thence  
 Stil'd from thy Corps then would arise from  
 Nothing but perfumes and sweet frankincense;  
 From thy dew'd grave still there would flow agen,  
 Odours and incense for the gods of men.

When e're I see the kindled fire flame,  
 I think how *Jove* unto *Agina* came;  
 Though I am not so hot a flame as *Jove*,



His flame was fire, mine's the flame of love;  
 And if good lawes shall stand in force with us,  
 We will beget the world an *Æacn*:

I feare all shapes what e're appear to me,  
 Least in't some god be come to ravish thee;  
 It was a *Bull* that took *Europa* up,  
 Bright *Theophane* makes me dread the *tup*;  
 The *shepherd* mindes me of *Mnemosyne*,  
 The *Eagle*, *Astria* makes me think on thee,  
 Still I suspect when e're from thee I go,  
 Some rival counterfeit *Amphitrio*,  
 For *Lada's* sake I hate the lovely *Swan*,  
 I hate not only animals but man.  
 Nay when I drink a Cup of *wine* to thee,  
 I think how *Bacchus* took *Erigone*.

Should'st thou be crufted up like *Niobe*,  
 And turn'd to marble like the *Parian* she,  
 In *Guido's* Temple hugg'd by th' noble boy,  
 Thou couldst not lover want, nor they love's joy;  
 For should'st thou die, and o're thy grave have let,  
 Thy heavenly featur'd carved counterfeit;  
 Hard by thy tomb I'd stand immoveably,  
 And on thy image ever fix my eye,  
 As if both eyes (too narrow flood gates) kept  
 The moisture back, and I too slowly wept;  
 Like marble I'd swear, each pore should drop a tear,  
 Tear after tear, till dry as dust I were;  
 Then should my body into ashes fall,  
 Black ashes, mourners for thy Funeral;  
 Sweet *Cupid*, Sexton to this dust of mine,

Thou'dst

Should throw in *dust* to *dust*, my *dust* to thine ;  
 Should'st thou not love me whil'st thou livest  
 But give thy heart to some one other where, (here,  
 It thou t' *Elysium* 'fore thy servant went,  
 I'd make thy very Statue penitent,  
 So strange a mourner for thy death I'd be.  
 Thy tombe or ghost should fall in love with me,  
 Wert thou to passe over *Cocytus* ferrie  
 In that old Sculler, Grandfire *Charons* wherrie,  
 The wrizled gray-beard for his hapennie  
 Would lick his lips, and ask a kisse of thee ;  
 On those black lakes should'st thou but drop a tear,  
*Styx* and *Cocytus* would run crystal clear ;  
 The Cells of darknesse shouldst thou go to view,  
 The scorched souls would 'gin their *Barichu* ;  
 If with one kisse great Love thou would'st but please,  
*Ixion's* ransom'd and the *Bellides* ;  
 Heaven would readmit poor *Tantalus* ;  
 And grant reprieve to th' Pirate *Sisyphus* ;  
 For one sweet smile from thy pure lip can quell  
 The wrath of *furies*, and redeem half *hell* ;

Oh my *Amanda* thou'rt so rare a she,  
 There's none hath features to compare with thee,  
 Should the age present, and the ages past  
 Club for a *beautie*, they'l come short at last ;  
 I'll name no *Helen* snatch't by old *Priam's* boy,  
 For whom a ten yeares siedge was laid at *Troy*,  
 With so great slaughter both of horse and men ;  
 Those we count trulls would have been handsome

(then:  
 I'll

I'll name no *Hero*, for the stars have blest us,  
 With better beauties then that starre of *Sestus*;  
*Holland's Diana*, and another *Moon*,  
 The faire *Philippa*, like the Sunne at noon.  
 A heavenly daughter of *Northumberland's*,  
 Young *Capell's* glory, and the *Lady Sands*,  
 That blithe smooth *Madam*; had I thee alone  
*Amanda*, I'd enjoy these all in one;  
 Thou art a matchlesse peerlesse *Paragon*,  
 One that an Angel might well doat upon;  
 Had that comparison bin made by thee,  
 Which once was made by proud *Cassiope*,  
 Those water *Fairies* the *Neriades*.  
 Sending no horrid Monster from the seas,  
 To eate up beasts, and men; would proudly tell,  
 That thy sweet *Beautie* was their paralell;  
 Or to a rock suppose thou chained were,  
 To be devoured by a Monster there,  
 As was the heav'nly faire *Andromeda*,  
 The rock would moulder or else melt away:  
 With thy sweet self, as deeply fall'n in love;  
 Each *Angel* would thy Guardian *Perseus* prove:  
 With lesse presumption then *Antigone*,  
 Heaven's proud *Juno* can't compare with thee;  
 No, my *Amanda*, for I dare prefer,  
 Thee 'fore the stately *Queen* o'th' *Thunderer*,  
 Fore her and comely *Venus* both together, (ther.  
 Though *Iove* bring bolts, and *Mars* his gauntlet hi-

On *Amanda's* dimples.

**O**Nce more I'm fall'n into an extasie!  
 How *I* could gaze, gaze till I've lost my eye  
 Gaze on those dimples in thy cheekes and chin,  
 Where the three *Graces* play at *in and in*:  
 Three sacred vaults within whose rosie wombes,  
 Sweet *Venus* all her pretty smiles entombes,  
 Babes which born laughing, laughing live and die  
 Then are interr'd within thy rosarie:  
 They haunt thy lovely cheekes, and here and there  
 Their smiling ghosts appearing disappear;  
 Each from his head hath hanging down to's feet,  
 A lillie leafe in stead of's winding sheet;  
 Shrouded in damask rose from top to toe,  
 About thy dimples they passe to and fro,  
 Still to thy dimples little shades do come,  
 Thinking thy dimples their *Elysium*;  
 And I my selfe finde such an *Eden* there,  
 Such heav'nly features, Heav'n so ev'ry where,  
 That with a willing heart I could resigne,  
 My clay to th'dust and shut my dying eyne;  
 Might my soul be when from my Corps it flies,  
*Amanda's Saint*, and she its *Paradise*.

To *Amanda* on her black browes.

**T**Hou'rt faire and black, thy browes as black as  
 But ne'er were black and white so lovely met, (you  
 The *Moor's* black *Prince* would court thee, there's in

The *English Beautie* and the *Negro's* too:  
 I've read of *Goshen* which the light did cover,  
 When a thick darknesse was all *Egypt* over,  
 Here's a transcendent wonder, here is ev'n,  
*Cimmerian* darknesse in the face of Heav'n:  
 Enamel'd black upon thy browes is set,  
 Which other *Madams* do but counterfeit;  
 And those *black patches* which our *Ladies* weare,  
 To set their *lilie* out, is in thy haire:  
 Nor do thy twinkling eyes like two, clear, bright  
 Faire starres appear, 'cause in thy browes 'tis night,  
 No but thy browes because so nigh they stand  
 With thy bright eyes, are Sun-burn't, black't and  
 Thy browes do mourn, and fit it is if e're (tan'd,  
 Thy ey'n, *Amanda*, shed one single tear;  
 If e're thou weep'st but once, although thou never,  
 Weep more, 'tis fit thy eye-brows mourn for ever.

To his best friend Mr. T.H.

True SIR,

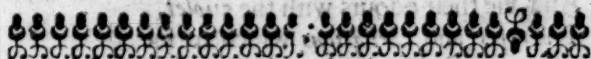
THE Countrey Gentleman who never mist,  
 When he walk't out his Faulc'ner at his fist:  
 Who once besides his hounds was able,  
 To keep a pack of servants at his Table;  
 Now trudges through the streets in any fashion,  
 To a Committee, and returns in passion,  
 Chewing his lips for cud; it is not hard,  
 To know'n by's silver-haire malignant beard,  
 And his delinquent boots, in which he goes,  
 Wetshod i'th' sweat of's dirtie mellow toes;

An

'Tis pity troth such good old Gentlemen,  
Are forc't to wear their old boots o're agen.

Nay Sir, the *Prelates* beg, his *Lordships* grace,  
Walks with a scurvie *Sequestration* face,  
The good old honest Priest is grown so poor,  
He sayes his grace at another mans door;  
You may know'n by the reliquos of's old *Querp*-coat,  
By's Canonical rags he's a Priest you must know't,  
His girdle is greasie, he doth all to befat it,  
Black puddings he hangs, and sauciges at it,  
Though once he preach't well, and learnedly spoke,  
Now he hath not so much as a pig in a poke.

True Sir, the *Clergie* suffers, none can teach,  
The truth with freedome, or with courage preach,  
In stead of some good worthy pious *Knox*,  
W' have nothing now but a *Iack in a box*;  
The people without life or soul lie dead,  
As under th' aspect of *Medusa's* head;  
The *Gentrie* groans, the *Nobles* muzled are,  
The heavie taxes make the Bumpkins swear,  
And *Aradesmen* break; the truth o'th' storie's this,  
The times are bad, and all things are amisse;  
It is an iron age, an age that swarmes  
With vipers, yet had I within mine armes  
My lovely sweet one, that same *Fairest* she,  
Whose love accepts my bribing Poetrie;  
Pretty *Amanda's* kissing *Alchymie*,  
Can make this age a golden age to me.



To my Noblest and ever-Honoured  
friend, Sir Thomas Leventhorp,  
Baronet.

S I R,

**M**E thinks 'tis time to know the joyes of *love*,  
'Toward great *Hymens* altar time to move;  
And now no longer *ward*, 'tis fit you be  
*Guardian* to some transcendent *Deitie*,  
And make some wealthie *beauty* fortunate,  
Not only in the share of your *estate*  
And *honours*, but i'th' richer treasury  
Of your faire *person*, and your sparkling eye,  
Where a bright, radiant *soul* displays  
Its chaster twinkling flames, like the *Sunne's* rayes  
In a clear *Crystal* font, when *Zephyrus*  
That modest, luke-warme, *Virgin-incubus*  
Makes the sweet *Nymph* hold out (the lovers blisse)  
Cool trembling lips to take a passant kisse:

'Tis pity that so rare a *soul* should be  
Confin'd to thought, and in the Nunnerie  
Of its own lodge, lead a *monastick* life,  
Barr'd of all *Consort* joyes, which a good wife  
Diffuseth like an *Amber-box*, wherein  
Inguents, balme, spice, and perfum'd *oile*, have been  
Closely imprison'd, which now first take th' aire,  
Like *myrrhe* and *spikenard*, when they bruised are,

G

And

And vie their odours with the *violet*,  
 The *roses* and *carnations* which are set  
 In my *Amanda's* cheeks, whose early breath  
 I'th' morning is an *Antidote* to death;  
 Sweeter then *Cynamon*, like *Frankincense*,  
 Preservative against the *pestilence*  
 Of melancholy fits, the dull disease  
 Of *nods*, *brown studies*, and such *plagues* as these;  
 'Tis fit so rare a *bodie* be possesst  
 By two faire *souls*; so faire a *soul* be blest  
 With two faire *bodies* too; may both your *minde*  
 And *bodie* pleasure in its likenesse finde;  
 May she you choose be such, whose shape and feat-  
 Shall speak her *goddess* rather then a *creature*; (true  
 May she be *Eccho* to your worth, in which  
 I fully wish she may be rarely rich,  
 In whatsoe're doth *Admiration* move,  
 In all the *dainties* of her *sex* and *love*,  
 As for a *single life*, 'tis nothing lesse  
 Then *Hermitage* amongst a *wildernesse*  
 Of *women*, who do vaile their rarities,  
 Or else are *fruitlesse* or *forbidden trees*;  
 Besides, he studies *Nature* best 'tis known,  
 Who hath a *Physick-garden* of his own;  
 Which is most state, anothers land to till  
 And plough in common, or be Lord at will  
 In a *Free-hold*? Nay, then consider, *Sir*,  
 In robbing *Orchards* what the troubles are;  
 Though now from climbing private walls you  
 Yet think what 'tis that tempts to th'robberie; (fre



*Youth* and faire lovely fruit, though ne'er so good  
 And clean, sometimes the chastest flesh and blood  
 Must needs be bobbing; now to *Antalize*,  
 And alwayes live by feeding of the eyes,  
 Is a poor silly banquet, on the thin,  
 Small, saplesse *species* that are served in,  
 By colour'd *atomes*, which an Elephant  
 Is as soon cloid with as the smallest *Ant*.

I know you have a *Martial* warlike heart,  
 Your looks speak valour, which 'tis fit y' impart  
 To the next age, and though you'd rather make  
 Your sword eat men, then have a woman take  
 Your noble *spirits* pris'ners, yet to give  
 Birth to an *heire*, and that your *name* may live,  
 Do like your *fathers*, lest you guilty be  
 O'th' murther of your *blood* and *familie*.

---

Nothing like his love to Amanda.

---

GO ye great Ranters, into th' wilde embraces  
 Of your stew'd *Madams*, lick their varnisht faces,  
 Where slimie *Snails* have crept; brag of the fee,  
 Wherewith they bribe your spending *lecherie*;  
 Then swash it to the *Taverne*, and confesse  
 That *lust* maintaines your *pride* and *drunkenness*.

Go, you mad *City-Huffs*, who fright young *heirs*,  
 And fill those *Lack-wits* with strange jealous feares  
 Of your pretended *valour* make fair shoves,

But dare as little as they to come to blowes;  
 Go with your *Guardian Hector*s who maintain  
 (Some petty booty, some small prize to gaine,)  
 A *windfall Ladies honour*, keep for pay  
 The old *Troy-ruines* of some *Hecuba*;  
 Jumble her bones within her shrivled skin,  
 And take the mud-walls of her carcase in;  
 Hug rotten *Countesses* which pockeaten are,  
 As if their *Master-Coffin-wormes* were there,  
 Who for a *legacie* would swear 'twere sweet  
 To spend o'th' stinking Corps i'th' winding sheet.

Go, cursed *Misers*, damned o're and o're,  
 For grinding the lean faces of the *poor*;  
*Morgage* your carking soules and bodies to  
 A *Usurer* as mercilesse as you:  
 To fill your *bags* seek and scrape every where,  
 Dig to the *centre*, and die beggars there;  
 Go cheat and over-reach only to fill,  
 And take up paper with a tedious *Will*;  
 Create trouble to th' *Executors* to prize  
 Your wealthie goods, and pay out *legacies*,  
 Then your *heir* laughing, play at *Hoop-all-hid*  
 As once your rustie coffin'd money did:  
 Depart in hopes to be sav'd after all,  
 For the repairing an old *Hospital*,  
 Or some poor *School-masters* augmentation,  
 An *exhibition* to some *Corporation*  
 To set young *Tradesmen* up or so, then die  
 Rich in your gifts, and poor in *charitie*.

Go, ye *State-leaches*, in your blessings curst,  
 Sweet

Sweetly suck blood and money till you burst,  
 Fleece a whole Kingdom, then like silly sheep,  
 Which butchers in some fat'ning pastures keep  
 Only for slaughter, amongst cut-throats fall,  
 Pil'd, poll'd and snip't, shier'd and cashier'd of all,  
*Empsons and Dudleys, Speakers and men o'th' chair,*  
 Spoil'd as the *Sultans* griping *Basha's* are.

Go, ye *Court-spaniels*, quest in honours sent,  
 Perfum'd and polish't with a complement,  
 Fawne and shake tailes to *Ladies*, keep them fed  
 With bribing viands of the banquet-bed,  
 With *them* their little dogs and *Cupids* play,  
 Till you be crack't and broken too as they,  
 Then your hope's lost, you slighted and forgot,  
 Down quickly to some Countrey goal, and rot;  
 But say, your *Princes Favourite* you be,  
 Grace't with the loose-hamm'd *Courtiers* knee;  
 Know there is *Autumne* in the midst o'th' *spring*  
 O'th' *Court*, and if the smiling face o'th' *King*  
 In which your *honour* lives, be overcast  
 With clouds, you only blossome to a blast.

Go, plodding *Students*, ramble through the *Arts*,  
 Learn all that *science* to the *soul* imparts,  
 Let *notions* huddle, swim and multiplie,  
 Till they do muster into *heresie*;  
 Receive those *Centaur's* and *Chimera's* in,  
 Which *monster-like* against true *Reason* sinne;  
 Go crack your braines with *Elenches* which are bred  
 By swarmes within a crazie brooding head,  
 Bringing to the wrack your judgement, reason, sense,

To screw a truth from *non-Intelligence* ;  
 Infect thy *mits*, with *buzzing thoughts* which flie  
 About like *gnats*, and sting our *Reasons eye* ;  
 Reade *errors* till thou squint on *truth*; and make  
*Unity double and treble* seem, so mistake,  
 And then at last be serv'd like th' *Logick* else,  
 Prov'd two egges three, supp'd on the third himself;  
 What a great businesse 'tis! what strength we spend,  
 What wit and time, all to no other end  
 Then to ~~vent~~ parts and words, and wrangle still ,  
 As if in chains, we needs must prove *free-will* !  
 To hold *predestination* or *decrees*,  
 Or some such riddling, needlesse points as these !  
 What an act 'tis to write a *book*, then die,  
 And be confuted by *posterity* !

These are sad heavy thoughts of working brains,  
 Most fruitlesse projects, yet require paines ;  
 The *Huffes* and *Hector*, do contrive and plot  
 To hug a *Madam* or a *pottle-pot*.

Both which they *love* alike, although their drink  
 And wine be sweet, perhaps their *Madams* stink :  
 The *Miser* toyles, and all his carking care  
 Can seldom purchase from his *heire* a teare,  
 Nay, whilst he labours, strives and gaspes for  
 (breath

The frolick *wag* laughs the *old fool* to death,  
 The *Statesman* hatches *Cuckows* egges, gets in  
 A stock, then *bever-like* dies for his skin.  
 The *Courtier* lives on hopes, his *Princes* frown  
 Till the next *smile* kills him, and casts him down,

Still his preferment is adulterate,  
 Subject alike to *honour* and to *hate*:  
 The *Scholar* keeps a stir t' *immortalize*  
 His name, tumbles and tosses *Libraries*,  
 Puts on his doting *winter-rug* at night,  
 Sits up till *two*, two or three lines to write.

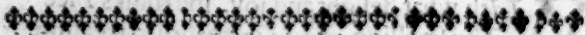
Well, well, *Amanda*, be but rul'd by me,  
 We'l spend our time in no such foolerie,  
 May I but make thee *Dearest* to my minde,  
 We will leave *children*, and not *books* behinde.

To *Amanda* *supposing and wishing she were*  
*with childe.*

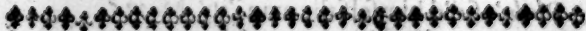
With what delight and joy, me thinks I see  
 Thy swelling *wombe* increase its *treasurie*!  
 What a sweet *poison* 'twas! if all *maids* past  
 Fifteen, could themselves *poison* so, how fast  
 They'd kick up heels, be *venom'd* in their beds;  
 And murder those *Chimera's Maidenheads*:  
 How stately my *Amanda* looks! she seems to me  
*Diana* in her crescent *Majestie*.  
 What frozen creature is't, won't wish as soon  
 As *Phoebe's* spi'd himself the man i'th' *Moon*?  
 What *Virgin* thy faire *Lunar globe* can see,  
 And not straight wish to be i'th' full like thee?

I wish, my *Dearest*, I could heare thee say,  
 The *little boy* kicks, willing to make his way

Into his *fathers* armes: Oh may he be  
 His own sweet *mothers* picture, not like me.  
 Ah could I heare it, [I have often smil'd  
 To think upon't] *Amanda's* great *with childe*!  
 She *looks* within a mon'th; would past all feare  
 I once might say, *Welcome down my stairs, my Deare;*  
 Would thou wer't *church't*, and the *good wives*  
 (were come  
 A *gossipping*! Now 'twil be guest by some  
 The maine thing that I wish implicitly  
 Is this, would I were *brought to bed* with thee.



To



# MISCELLANEA

## Poetica

1. *Il Poeta e la Natura*  
2. *Il Poeta e la Storia*  
3. *Il Poeta e la Religione*

4. *Il Poeta e la Filosofia*

5. *Il Poeta e la Letteratura*

6. *Il Poeta e la Critica*

7. *Il Poeta e la Sociologia*

8. *Il Poeta e la Psicologia*

9. *Il Poeta e la Pedagogia*

10. *Il Poeta e la Medicina*

11. *Il Poeta e la Giurisprudenza*

12. *Il Poeta e la Politica*

13. *Il Poeta e la Religione*





# MISCELLANEA Poetica:

Carmina exequialia, Epigrammata & diversi generis Poëmata colligata in Manipulum; cui Annectuntur Epistolæ,

ROSAMUNDÆ HENRICO,  
ET  
HENRICI ROSAMUNDÆ,

Quas clarissimus olim Poëta nostras  
MICHAEL DRAITON Armiger  
Nostratibus dedit;

Carminibus Latinis redditæ;  
Quarum quæ secunda est OVIDIANO planè stylo nobilitatur ab *Elegantissimo & Honoratissimo* Iuvene,  
D<sup>no</sup> EDVARDO MONTACUTIO.

---

*Dic quis Patronus, quid nunc erit? —  
Nos tamen hæc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos  
Ducimus. —*

---

LONDINI, Excusum Anno Dom. 1653.

MISCELLANEA  
Poetica.

Præfatus exordium, Epigrammata & di-  
versæ generis Poëmata collecta in Mssis  
veterum et recentiorum scriptorum.

ROSMONDÆ HENRICO  
ET  
HENRICO ROSMONDÆ

Michaeli Drautoni Amici  
Nobiscumque dedit.

Compendium Latinæ reddidit.  
Præfatus de Latina et de Latino prælo  
Præfatus de Latina et de Latino prælo

D. EDUARDO MONTACUTIO.

Die 1. Martii 1653. hunc præfatus  
Vox præfatus hunc præfatus hunc præfatus  
hunc præfatus hunc præfatus hunc præfatus

Londæ, Excusum Apud Thom. 1653.

Ornatissimo viro,

M<sup>ro</sup>. ALEXANDRO AKEHURST,

S.S. &amp; Individuæ Trin. Col. Cantab,

Vice-Præsuli Dignissimo.

**N**E essem ingratitude[m] [quâ non est tur-  
 prior nāvus] vel diutulè notatissi-  
 mus labe, paginas hasce, nominis tui  
 & virtutis breve monumentum, tibi,  
 (Gravissime vir) tutelaris Angeli  
 mei fidelis cultor, non imprudenter,  
 tu bonâ cum veniâ, dedicaverim; Nec revera mi-  
 hi in ore meo colliquescere solet, qui memoriam adi-  
 mat, Galectites, nec socordiâ seu papaveris lacte,  
 consopitus discubui, ut qui tanta tuâ Beneficentiâ in-  
 dormire potuerim; faciliùs utique decrevero, benè  
 merenti non omninò deberi gratias, quàm à me non  
 usquequaque pro virili meo & obnixiùs animo re-  
 pendì: Beneficia vestra, non adèò sinam deperdita esse,  
 ut quæ simul ac data sint, labantur illicò & avolent;  
 Humanitas vestra, tot literis & charaèteribus se ex-  
 pressit, tot sententias aureas est locuta, ut, si in me  
 esset, amoris tuo & Bonitatis gloria, præsens atas,  
 nec comma suffigeret, nec periodum posteritas. At  
 ero ingenii mei egregius Gnatho si eas me putem ho-  
 nori tuo, hoc dispalato carmine, columnas ponere,  
 usq

quas Poëtæ majorum Gentium Mœcenatibus suis,  
 — Quas nec Jovis ira nec ignis, &c.

Quinimò tam diversum cogito, & è contrà persentiscam hanc Camœnam meam, (si vita suppetat) iisdem auspiciis tuis supersuturam quibus olim est nata, nec enim agere potest illam animam quam à te hausit, quam & puram insuper & rivacem conservas. Gloriabor tutius tuo nomine, quàm si singulus propemodum versus stricto gladio se defenderet, & quaque pagina acutissime mucronata frameas pugionesque minitaret.

At quid ego tibi Heliconem cui nihil sapit præterquam anima Saturni & Jovis Spiritus qui Chymicorum

— Caput inter nubila condis.

Et ad ea tantum lætionem adhibes, quæ scribuntur calamis, à Philosophorum Aquilâ & Phœnice defampeis? Verùm Doctissime Vir, non sunt genus hominum inter se tam omninò dissimile Poëta & Chymicus; Hic nempe Aphronitrum & Salem gemmæ, ille Veneres & florem Salis; Clibanos hic furnosque & equi finum, ille Pegasus & mellificia Artica; Hic venenum & philtrum jactat, ille quosvis in Cupidinis ignem, imò potest in patibulum agere; Hic herbarum cineribus pristinas formas & idiotypas induit.

Ille etiam jubet ut vivat post funera virtus,

Sic neque vel cineri gloria ferò venit,

Quin & homines facit Poëta, quam diù manserit mortalitas, immortales; pulcherrimas fabulas hic & ille ventilat, esque fingit mendacia, quæ veritatem magis significare,

significare, quàm exprimere videntur verisimiles;  
jam verò etiam, quicquid id est quod ostendit A-  
grippa, iste scilicet Simon Magus vester, quod me-  
dicorum omnium præstantissimus Theophrastus,  
quod Hispanus ille cum campanula, quod illa denique  
Maga Virgiliana.

Quæ se carminibus promisit solvere mentes,

Quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,

Sistere aquam fluviis, &c.

Quantæcunque sint, à nobilissimis Chymicis, vel ef-  
fecta, vel excogitata & ficta tantummodò, non mi-  
nora certè prodigia, nec veritatis ratione impari in-  
venta, attribuebantur olim & etiam nunc hodie ascri-  
buntur Poëtis. Vtrique in monte quodam sublimi &  
aureo

Quærunt quod nusquam est gentium, reperiunt  
tamen. Notum est quod effutiunt labeones, quique, viri-  
vis facultatis studiosos degeneratum iri in pannosos men-  
diculos, at illi nequam homines *φιλαργυροί* qui otiosam  
pecuniam, nummularum aruginem, & capensularum  
sordes, Chymicorum Poëtarumque sapientia præferunt  
in vincibilis ignorantia rei, me iudice, damnabuntur ad  
Plutonium; quo nimirum in pretio fuerint, quàm u-  
bique gentium cohonestati & celebres, satès eloqui pos-  
sunt in Pandulphi Cathedra Rheginus, pro Archia  
Poëta ipse Cicero.

At ne hîc molem struam, Chymicorum Poëtarumq;  
laudes accumulando, inclÿta nomina recensendo, &  
percurrendo virtutes reciprocas, Argumenti & a-  
moris duplici catenâ, eos breviter astringam, qui etc-  
nim

atque magis continuè invicem ad complexuum currant  
& oscula, quàm (fraterrima capita Gemellorum) Poëta  
& Chymicus: uterque nimirum naturæ primogenitus;  
hic materno gremio delectatur; ille matris subnucula  
involuebatur delicatulus pusio; &

— Post obitum supremæque funera. —

inter flores & herbas utriusque circumvolabit animula,  
hortulorum illa, hæc Parnassi apacula, vagula, blan-  
dula;

Quare (Spectatissime Vir) ut comitatem tuam &  
mansuetudinem taceam (de quibus permulta nunc essent  
dicenda) si hæc cerebri mei aqua stillatitia percoletur in  
capitello tuo, si lagunculam è doliolo nostro, si pusillum  
hoc & levidense munusculum, bono animo acceperis,  
Humanitas tua erit mihi μήτρα πολυαίθερος, Et  
precabor superos, ut Adech' tuus & bonus Dæmon,  
Antimonii Arcana ac novum indies εὐρυνία tibi sug-  
gerat, ut idem ille Cherubin cælestis tibi ipsi, qui &  
ipsi olim Paracelso opituletur jugiter, & semper adsit  
ad manus usque eo dum à cœlo avoles spagyrico ad  
Aniada Paradisi.

VALE.

Amplissimo nomini vestro perpetuâ  
observantia & officio devotis-  
simus. N. H.

H



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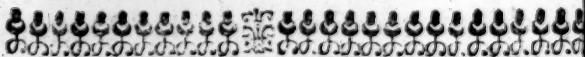




In obitum gravissimi senis D<sup>ni</sup> Doctoris  
*COLLINS*, Theologiæ Professoris Re-  
 gii *Cantabrigiæ*.

**A** Mica, (Lector) funeri pedissequa  
 Attendat amula lacryma,  
 Viduaque mater lugeat Academia  
 Sponsi ad senilis nectas,  
 Et veste nubilâ induantur lugubres  
 Ecclesiastici chori;  
 Non janua Libitina cardines quatit  
 Non ostium excussit modò,  
 Sed ansa vel scientiarum Regium  
 Evertere monasterium.  
 Compressus est silentio fidiſſimus  
 Propheta & Interpres Dei  
 Veteranus emeritûsq; linguæ Hebraicæ  
 Professor elinguis ſilet.  
 Exhaustus est ditissimus Theologiæ  
 Thesaurus, & Oraculum.  
 Casûsq; jam tandem per omnes mors rudis  
 Heterocliton flexit vagum.  
 Variatur ille quem monoptoton diu  
 Credidimus invariabile;  
 Iniqua certè mortis absurda manus  
 Hominem ferire tam senem,

*Veneranda fatis occubuit Antiquitas  
Obiit senectus non senex.*



Somnus mortis imago.

**S**Tabat in Eliaco, *nebulis vestita, sacello,*  
*Fœmina parè suo nescia stare loco,*  
*Sydera suadebant circumlucentia somnum,*  
*Miscebátque suas Cynthia amica faces;*  
*Visa est nutare & pulvinar querere mento,*  
*Inque suo firmè labra sepulta sinu;*  
*Nox fuit hæc, levâ nigrum est amplexa puellum,*  
*Et puer ad dextram qui stetit albus erat,*  
*Illa fuit somni, fuit altera mortis imago,*  
*Sic morti similis somnus, & alba nigris,*



To his loving friend M. T. G. upon covering  
his head in the Colledge-Butteries.

What is the matter *Tom*, thou'rt grown so old,  
Hoarie and white o'th' sudden? fear'st thou  
(cold

Salt brackish rheumes should falling on thy chest  
Thy windpipe rot, thy spongie lungs infest?  
Yes, *taplash* breeds catarrhs, and thereupon  
The Butler needs must starch thy *night-cap* on;  
*Tom*, thou wert fudl'd o're night, and 'twas for fear,  
Thou should'st i'th' morning drink too much small  
After so hot an *Orgyan* sacrifice, (beer  
'Twas wholesome moral *Physick* not to fize.

O're night thou know'st it was thy fatal lot,  
To *mug*, to quaffe, carouse and bownce the pot;  
Next morne I hast'ned to the *butterie-hatch*,  
How much *Col-tiffe* thou'dst drink I meant to  
(watch;

But when I came, I view'd, look't every where,  
The duce of any *Tom* or *beal* was there.

First from the bottom of the *Tables* I spi'd,  
And upwards ev'ry name I straightly ey'd;  
Each *name* a round o'th' ladder seem'd to me

Then come to th' *blank* which put m' in minde of

It emblem'd out a thief, who 'fore he dies  
 Lookes like thy *head* with's night-cap o're his eyes:

How! proud and coy! Prethy now what do'st aile,  
 That like the wenches thou must mask and vaile,  
 And hide thy face (like them in heat of blood,)  
 In such a daintie, fine, *white sarc'net hood*?  
 Way with that *musler*, shew thy face, let's see't:  
 Prethee leave off doing *penance* in a *sheet*.

Thou look'st like some old scurvie Countrey-Hag,  
 That makes a *biggen* of an oat-meal bag,  
 Whose face is mask'd with *chin-cloth* fine and gay,  
 To ride on *Dick* or *Brown* o'th' market-day:  
 Thou'rt like a *Corps* old women have laid out,  
 Whose meagre visage is cover'd with a clour;  
 I think they'l *shroud* thee too with *time* and *bayes*;  
 For they complain how thou hast spent thy dayes;  
 Die, *Tom*, in these bad *times*? thou must despair  
 Of being interr'd with *Common-prayer*.

Rise prethee, feare not, thou shalt *namelesse* be,  
 Rascal, dost think, we can't new *christen* thee;  
 Nay in the *old way* too boy, and rather  
 Then not, I mean to be thy *Godfather*:

'Tis but small charges Sirrah; there needs no *fee*  
 Unto the *Midwife* or the *Nurserie*;

Nor need I give my *Golson* some fine *boon*,  
 A *Coral-whistle* with bells, or *silver-spoon*:

When thou art grown, canst go alone and prattle,  
 Please thy *Nurse* and *Godfather* with tittle-tattle;  
 I'll give thee *schooling*; for thy books I'll pay,  
*Horne-books* and *Primmers*, childe, to fling away;

Then

Then thou shalt ask me *bleffing*, pretty toy,  
 I'll stroke th' oth' head, *God bleffe thee*, rise my boy;  
 Then chuck th' oth' chin, and with a *Godfathers* grace,  
 'Tis my good boy, here's for thee, learn apace:  
 Now if the *black-coat* come and cat'chiſe thee;  
 Answer him M. or N. Sir, T. or G,  
 If urgent still he ask thee, *what's thy name?*

Conjure and mum, crie, *Oh Sir, Yes, that same.*  
 But heark thee *Tom*, haſt loſt thy *Sirname* quite?  
 Wert thou *degraled* like a new dub'd Knight,  
 Cashier'd with good Sir *Hal*, Sir *James*, Sir *John*,  
 Who had their *Honours* dated *fourtie one*,  
 Whose pride by act of State was made a finne,  
 Calling the last edition of titles in?  
 Stay th' next *Platonick fourty one*, and then  
 For some few yeares you shall be *Knights* agen.

Thou i'th' mean while (it is an honourable word  
 Amongst the *Hunch-backs*) shalt be call'd my *Lord*:  
 Or else some *Carter*, rather then have none,  
 Shall lash and name thee, *Robbin*, *Hob* or *Rhoan*;  
 Yes, yes, thoud'ſt make a *Stallion* rare,  
 To earne thy Master *Clod* some groat's a mare,  
 Then for thy motions *Rhe*, *ho*, *hut* will do,  
 The *Aldermans Thiller* thy name-sake too.  
 And then all day to have thy *Tutor* ſing,  
 Lash thee and whistle, (then rogue) fresh grasse i'th'  
 (spring;

Yes and i'th' winter-time to have a maw,  
 To feed on *hamme* of *pease* and *barley-straw*;  
 Then draw-up hill, and when the cart goes dead,

To be well-pun'd with *whips* i'th' *flanck* or *head*,  
 And then thy *Maſter* when thou'ſt ſpent thy force,  
 To clap thy *buttocks* with *Gra-mercie-horſe*.

But prethy, *Tom*, tell what the reaſon is,  
 Thou'rt *harnesſ't* in this *metamorphoſis*?  
 They ſay that thou wert mad, *horne-mad*, and now  
 Thou wear'ſt a kinde of *Bondgrace* like a Cow.

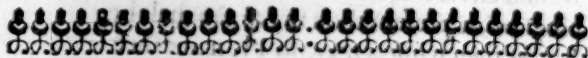
Heaven bleſſe thee, my beſt chicken, I dare ſay  
 Thou wer't unkindly uſ'd, who will ſay nay?  
 For troth I know thy heart and temper well,  
 'Tis plain and eaſie for the world to ſpell;  
 Open and free, and lodg'd within a breaſt,  
 Wherein no ſwelling envious ſerpents neaſt;  
 It alwayes in a grateful poſture lies  
 Thy *loving friends* moſt ready *ſacrifice*;  
 And from thy boſome ſhould he it command,  
 Thy boſome ſtraigh t lies open to his hand:  
 I know thee well, I've read thee o're and o're;  
 Thou only want'ſt two or three faces more;  
 One for thy publike uſe, t' *Hippocritiſe*,  
 A Chappel-mask, a garb and Sunday-eyes.  
 But let that falſhood paſſe, thou know'ſt I know  
 The men o'th' world are riddles, ſo let them go,  
 My civil charity doth ſpeak it ſinne,  
 To riſe others cloſets or look in;  
 Yet if their hearts were hell, I'd never doubt  
 To venture in, to fetch the devil out;  
 For ſome have thought the worſt they can of you,  
 Who dare I'm ſure no worſe then they dare do;  
 But I'll not preach in *verſe*, leſt ſome of thoſe

Should

Should envie me, who can't do't well in *prose* ;  
 No, *Tom*, at present thou my *theam* shalt be,  
 And as men name a *text*, so I'll name thee ;  
 As they do little or nought to th' purpose say,  
 So I'll but name thee just, and then away ;  
 And rather then thou still shalt nothing be,  
 But *Entelechia* and *hacceitie* ;  
 I'll name thee *Cambridge-Tom*, and of thee vaunt,  
 As they of *Munster-Jack*, and *John* of *Gaunt* ;  
*Thomas Thomasius* thou shalt be,  
 Or *Thompson* of the *Danish* progenie ;  
 Or *Tom ap Thomas* like that *Welch* device.  
 And link of names, *ap Owen*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Rice* ;  
 Or else with them I'll borrow from the *Fewes*,  
 Name thee as they the sonnes of *Rabbi's* use,  
*Rabbi-ben-Majim*, who *Majims* loines came from,  
 So will I name thee *Rabbi Tom-ben-Tom*.

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An



An *ELEGIE* on the death of Mr.  
*Frear* Fellow of *Trin. Coll.* in *Cam-*  
*bridge*, who died of a Con-  
 sumption.

**A**T length upon the wing, haste to possesse  
 Th' eternal mansions of true happinesse ;  
 To Saints and *Angels* go, and *Fellow* be  
 Amongst those *Doctors* of *Divinity* ;  
 Long were't *admitted* , and now fit it were  
 Thou take thy journey to *continue* there ;  
 Pitty thy soul should be no otherwise  
 Employ'd, then to hold open dying eyes,  
 And yet how loath she fled, as if sh' had rather  
 Stay'd here to keep thy skin and bones together.  
 Some few dayes longer hadst thou drawn thy  
 (breath,

Thy frighted friends had taken thee for death ;  
 For which thy meagre shape as well might passe,  
 As that which holds the spade and houre-glasse ;  
 Thou look'st as if thou'dst past through Chir'rgi-  
 (ons hall

A live *Anatomic*, the Belfree wall  
 Doth nothing ne'er so grim a shape present:  
 So thy kinde soule, till all its oile was spent,  
 Glimmer'd i'th' socket, as if when 't went out

Thy



Thy friends should be i'th' dark, and all about  
 The scritchowls of the sable-winged night,  
 Hither in errors clouds would make their flight;  
 Thus whil'st thou seems to be *Jobs* living story,  
 Thy death's head was our best *Memento mori*.

Alas poor thread-bare, worne out *Skeleton*,  
 With one short rag of flesh scarce cloath'd upon,  
 More bare then in the wombe, unto thy Urne  
 How truly naked did thy *Corps* return?  
 What stranger who had seen thy shriv'led skin,  
 Thy thin, pale, gasty face, would not have been  
 Conceited he had seen a ghost i'th' bed  
 New risen from the grave, not lately dead!  
 Those things in vaults, whose gently touched shrine  
 Falls into dust, look fresher farre then thine.  
 Which was so dry, as if thy carcase were  
 For many yeares embalm'd and buri'd there;  
 Who e're had argu'd that thou ne'er would'st die,  
 Would have disputed very probably:  
 At least he might have made this topick good,  
 Thou wert immortal, 'cause not flesh and blood.  
 But we who know thou spak'st so many tongues,  
 Will cease to wonder at thy wasted lungs;  
 And from thy losse of flesh, it was not fit,  
 We will conclude the wormes should feed on it.  
 'Twas pity such a piece to th' grave was hurl'd,  
 For th' curious volume of thy lesser world  
 An *Enoch*-like Translation fitter were,  
 Then Critick death for an Interpreter:  
 Thy learning was so rich, that I would dare

[ Were

[ Were it *hereditary*, I thy *heire* ]  
 To spend with wealthie *Cæsars*, and out-vie  
*Europes* most learned living library ;  
 Clad all in sackcloth if I were to mourn  
 In *dust* and *ashes* [ like a soul forlorn ]  
 Could these externals make me more divine,  
 Or adde to Piety, I'd call for thine.

'Tis pitie nature did but lend thee us,  
 Give, and then take away her jewel thus ;  
 Alas! when she perceiv'd how suddenly,  
 Dull counterfeits would all in fashion be,  
 And gems that are the right at nought be set,  
 She lock't thee up within her cabinet.  
 Sowe were losers all. But mark his end,  
 How like a traveller to's loving friend,  
 He just at's farewel takes a parting cup,  
 Biddeth us all adieu, and drinks it up ;  
 Reader, 'twas to thy health, and though in beer  
 Yet prethy kindly pledge him in a tear.

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An *ELEGY* on the death of Mr. Crane,  
Apothecary in Cambridge.

A Shes to ashes ! who ! our *Æsculape* !  
Our *Cambridge-Chiron* ! can't such skill escape ?  
Such *Peons* die ! strange ! dust to dust ! who is't !  
What noble *Crane*, that golden *Alchymist* ?  
Is't he ! then proud Dame *Vesta* certainly  
Will vaunt those atomes to eternitie.  
Swell, boast, look big, and in her womb  
'Teem him an everlasting, growing tomb ;  
Embalme him Reader in thy memorie,  
Shroud him with *silver-blossom'd rosemarie* ;  
With *pennie-royal*, *marigold*-flowers,  
And yellow *saffron*, embleme out what powers  
Of *Sol* and *Luna* in his coffers lie,  
Forc't in by his great Art and Industrie :  
'Tis fit this great *Preservative* of *formes*  
Should never want a *med'cine* 'gainst the *wormes* :  
Tir'd with dull *elements*, he's gone from hence  
T'extract and clothe his soul with *quintessence* ;  
There is no *all-heal*, but a funeral ;  
All things before are mix't with *wormwood*, *gall*,  
And *vineger* ; Now he is gone from us ;  
Tis *benedictus* without *carduus* ;

'Tis

No *sulphur* tinctures, *tartar*, no disease;  
 'Tis *lignum vite*, and no *aloës*.  
 His *house* and *shop* since death hath overcome,  
 Is furnished with *Caput mortuum*,  
 Let your *Alembicks* freely crystallize,  
 Fill *gallipots* with *catarrhs* from your eyes,  
 Or rather wipe them, let them not be mistie,  
 He's gone for *Manna* or for *manus Christi*.



On the immature death of his hopeful  
 friend, Mr. *Alexander Rookesby*.

1.

**M**ost cruel death! be so precise?  
 Take no excuse!

Could not thy nature, nor  
 Thy well promising youth apologize!

2.

This fit of sicknesse should have been,  
 The smallest stop,  
 Only a *comma* to thy health.  
 A short *deliquium*, then life agen.

3.

What so unskilful in *Orthographie*?  
 Illiterate fate?

To put a *period* thus,  
 Where but a *colon* at the most should be!

4. Was't

4.

Was't not unmannerly in death  
 Before his tale  
 Were told, or he had spoke  
 His better sentence out, to stop his breath!

5.

O'th' dawning of his life I look,  
 As on a short  
 Brief preface, or a kinde salute  
 To th' gentle Reader, but w' have lost the book.

6.

'Tis fit each Scholar o're his Herse,  
 Weep Elegies,  
 Nature was scanning him,  
 As though she meant to make a golden verse.

7.

But death instead of long *Hexameters*,  
 Making *Adonicks*,  
 Served a warrant in  
 Which fate had writ in short-hand characters.

8.

So left the learn'd *Hippocrates*,  
 (Giving a dash  
 Rude *Ignoramus* like)  
 To make a guesse and spell out the disease.

9.

Himself read only his Contents,  
 The Chapter must  
 Be read at's grave, while down  
 His coffin ives drill watric monuments.

10. Fare-

[ 112 ]

10.

Farewel, farewel, dear heart,  
Is't thine, my friend?  
I bid this longest farewel to,  
Or rather is't my own with which I part?

11.

Alas! good soul, thou'rt gone;  
And were it not  
That I should with my death,  
I'd wish 'twere time to follow on.

12.

Nor would I any other knell  
To drive away  
Bad spirits from my grave,  
Only the Eccho of thy passing bell.

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To

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An *Epithalamium* sacred to the Nuptials  
 of the truly *Religious Lady*, the *Lady*  
*A. H.* and the Valiant and Worthy  
 Sir *W. W. Knight*.

Joy, most victorious *Madam*, pardon me,  
 If I recal a past solemnity;  
 'Tis a review of joy, which is a dish  
 Not like some strange, out-landish fowle or fish,  
 Or some new-fangled sauce, some bo-peep meat,  
 Which th' *Antipodes*, and we by turnes do eat,  
 Some sullen cates which out of season flie,  
 To tempt the *Ladies* with their raritie;  
 But like your *Conserves*, with more choice delight  
 Feeds all the humours of the appetite,  
 Playes with a curious palate, and from thence  
 Leaps to the eye, then to another sense,  
 So doth enrich the soul, till it surmize,  
 The body an *Eliſian Paradise*:

This wealthie joy, which at the marriage-tide  
 Sparkles i'th' *Bridegrooms* eyes, perfumes the *Bride*  
 With her own cheerful spirits, till they dart  
 Laughter into her sponies ticklish heart;  
 This balsame joy, great *Lady*, I present  
 In a reunction, to renew its sent,  
 And call its quickning vertues out, which lie

I

Not

Not dead, but dormant in their treasure ;  
 I do but rub the herbe, and wake from thence  
 Such fragrant favours, as may feast the sense,  
 Tell you what flowers in your posie are,  
 Repeat some notes in short-hand character.

Then pardon, *Madam* though I come so late,  
*Joy's* never out of season, still in date,  
 Where *love* is fresh, *joy* never can decay,  
 Though yeares be spent, 'tis still the wedding day.

Then, *great triumphant Madam*, once again,  
*Joy* to your second *Conquest*, you have ta'ne  
 Two noble *Warriours Captives* in your breast,  
 Nature hath *ransom'd* one, the other's *preft*  
 To succeed *prisoner*; oh blest *captive* he  
 That's *prisoner* in so chaste a Nunnerie !  
 'Twas pity since your *first* was forc'd to yield,  
 Your *second* stay'd so long, as if the *field*  
 Were voted by some pious bosome-law,  
 For so long time *Sir Simons Golgotha*;  
 Good *wife* ! whose body for some years must be  
 Her first *Deare's charnel house*, his *Calvarie*.

But now that cloud of Funeral Obsequies  
 Hath spent it self in teares, and in your eyes  
 Mirth gins to startle and resume its seat ;  
 Fresh blushes vault in triumph, smiles *curveat* :  
 All speak your *Conquest* of the *Conquerour*,  
 What a commanding *Amazon* you are ;  
 Unto whose service *Champions* are drawn forth,  
 Upon the *Altar* of whose glorious worth,  
 Great *Hymen* bids me offer sacrifice,



And th' *god of warre* hath done devotion twice;  
 Stately *Bellona* courts your *Ladiship*,  
 And am'rous *Mars* fights duels at your lip:  
 You take your *Spouse* in *prisoner* by your charmes;  
*Sir William* takes you in by force of armes,  
 And then such volley shots of kisses flie,  
 Would tempt and ravish sworn Virginitie.  
 Now may those chaster lips so closely meet,  
 At each salute as if your soules did greet;  
 And since *Sir William* here hath taken *quarter*,  
 'Tis for his honour to be *Knight o'th' garter*:

Nor will I leave *him* there; no from above  
 The Heavens greet you with new joyes of love;  
 Joyes which must alwayes needs be fresh to you,  
 Where *Christ* to both is *Bride* and *Bridegroom* too;  
 Within whose heart the *lilie o'th' valley* growes,  
 That *cluster'd Camphire*, that sweet *Sharon-rose*,  
 That bundle of *myrrhe*, he whom the Virgins love,  
 Whose scarlet lips drop *honey* as they move.

Oh may your *Dear Beloved*, kisse his Vine  
 With kisses of his mouth, more sweet then wine;  
 So shall you spread your fruitful branch, and see  
 Your children like the plants o'th' Olive-tree.

These are my hearty wishes, and you know  
 Although I am no great *Divine*,  
 Not only rich but poor mens coine will go;  
 So may these prayers of mine.



To Mr. *John Mors*, Merchant in Kings  
*Lynne*, on the death of M<sup>s</sup>.  
*A. Mors* his wife,

*Mors tua Mors Christi.*

**A** Las, good Gentleman, hath that sweetest love  
 That spouse of yours made out her last remove  
 Hath death that great *Knight-Errant*, who doth play  
 And dodge in's motions, here, there, every way,  
*Checkmated* you in taking of your *Queen*,  
 Or is't a *Sthale* ? No 'ts more, then be'nt o'reseen,  
 For now she's taken as your *pawn*, and when  
 Your time is come, 'twill be *check-mate* agen ;  
 But i'th' mean while you're *loser* in a word,  
 It is but *setting* another *Queen* o'th' board ;  
 Yet must you not begin the *game* anew,  
 Till th' loser pay what for the last was due ;  
 Then troth *Sir*, for this six or seven yeares  
 You must be daily paying summes of teares,  
 And all your friends like faithful Clerks stand by  
 T' help tell, lest for a tear you tell an eye.

With you good *Seathrifts* common 'tis to mourne  
 And weep at th'inconsiderable losse of worne,  
 Old, decay'd barks, whose Stoage is nothing more  
 Then *Haberdeen*, poor *John*, or *Indigo* ;

For which such streames th' prodigal humour sheds,  
 That with your ships your eyes sink in your heads;  
 Then, Sir, at what expence ought you to be,  
 Your great misfortune will discover t'e;  
 The best of all your *vessels buldg'd* and lost,  
 To be recover'd by no charge or cost,  
 Your family-*rudder* broke, and all your *store*  
 Of *spice* and *amber*, your *perfumes* and *ore*,  
 Thrown to the deep; for she was more to you,  
 More then all these, your *India*, your *Peru*;

If womens souls be *Planets* in the aire,  
 And rule like potent *Constellations* there,  
 Surely the *Merchants* wives will there reside,  
 Darting kinde beams their husbands ships to guide;  
 Then in your *voyage* if a storme arise,  
 Lost in the clouds, look for her brighter eyes,  
 And if a conduct *Cynosure* you see,  
 Fall down, do homage and strike saile, 'tis she.

She who whilst living was more then your *Star*,  
 Your heav'n on earth, a blessing greater farre:  
 She that did make all *beasts*, *fowle*, *fish* and *men*,  
 As though she'd *work* th' Creation o're agen,  
 Who *wrought* the starres into a *Canopie*,  
 And in her *Samplers* taught *Astrologie*,  
 Where th' Heavens face she made so bright appear,  
 That *Tycho* might have read new *Lectures* there,  
 Birds feather'd with her silk you'd swear did flie,  
 Camels have past too through her needles eye;  
 Saw you how she hath wrought *Eyes* n' ed *thighs*,  
 You'd think your self with her in *Paradise*:

Sh' hath made the *Muses, Venus* and her *elfe*,  
 And faire *Diana* too look like her selfe ;  
 Then the *three Graces* all so sweet and neat,  
 That would *Dame Nature* make a piece compleat,  
 To ravish and surprize the worlds eye,  
 Hence she must take the patern to work it by :  
 Then *Io, Danæ*, such pretty things,  
 You'd swear they're made for gods, and not for  
 Kings.

In shadows she would vaile a physnomie,  
 Then work a candle and light, to see it by ;  
 'Tis true most women good at night-work be,  
 But few or none so good, so neat as she.

Admired fancies ! Oh they are so good ;  
 That could she but have wrought in flesh and blood,  
 And made those beauties speak, and something do,  
 Surely she might have made my *Mistris* too ;  
 Nay, she hath wrought a face, so much to th'life,  
 I fear you'll court it for your second wife.

Troth, *Sir*, who e're she be shall tempt your blood,  
 See how she's like your first, so farre she's good ;  
 You'll make your self and all your friends rejoyce,  
 To draw her picture in your second choice ;  
 And as i'th' *Indias* when you walk about,  
 To finde some precious *mineral* out,  
 Some richer rocks of gold, you search and trie,  
 By signes and tokens where the veine doth lie :  
 Beas exact in choosing your new Bride,  
 Let your last wifes *Idea* be your guide ;  
 Let her faire visage teach your rambling eye

To know the cloisters of a treasure;  
 If any like her be, know she's divine,  
 And fall to work, for she's a wealthie mine,  
 A pearle fit to be worne on *Merchants* necks,  
 Like her the choicest Sampler of her sex,

Oh could you finde but such a Matron out,  
 So loving, chaste, prudent, discreet, devout;  
 So constant a Colleague, so faire as she,  
 Who is there that would not your *Factor* be?  
 What Coward is't would not make out for her,  
 Hoist sailes, and be a *Merchant-venturer*?  
 All Courtship stormes, tempests and tides desie,  
 Waving the flashes of her lightning eye;  
 And though she threatned *shipwrack*, think it sport  
 To split, and so swim naked to the Port.

Then, Sir, be charie in your second choice,  
 And let the pleasant musick of her voice  
 Speak your first *Consort*, let your *second* be  
 Your *first* wifes *Monument*, her *Elegie*;  
 Fairly recruit, be the most blest of men,  
 And in your *second* choose your *first* agen:  
 So let your vertuous spouse survive in this,  
 That you are wedded to her *Emphasis*.



On the Anniverfarie of the fifth of *Novem.*  
to the Fellowes of *Trin. Coll.*

**T** Were no absurdity if I should wish;  
 You had dark lanthornes for a second dish,  
 Sculls and deaths heads will not be out of season,  
 To put you all in minde of *Vaux* his treason,  
 Yet least *poor Scholars* should have nought to pick  
 But bones, pray let your feast be *Catholick*  
 And *superstitious* too, so you'll afford  
 Some holy *reliques*, for Prince *Arthurs* board,  
 Let your mirth this day, and your joyes be mickle,  
 Had the powder gone off w'had been in a pickle,  
 And which invention were most damnable,  
*Pope* or *sal Peter* had been disputable.  
 But the plot was found, so by accident  
 Wicked *Pope Urban* was *Pope Innocent*.

An *ELEGY* on the death of Dr. MED-  
*CALFE*, late *Vice-Master* of *Trin.*  
*Col. in Cambr.*

**M**ost sacred Reliques, at whose Obsequies  
 Devotion bids us weep not teares but eyes ;  
 'Tis but weak sorrow which commands we must  
 Sprinkle some water only to lay thy dust,  
 And huddle up th' Atomes at so poor expence,  
 As if we meant to sweep thy ashes hence ;  
 We'l rather spend our springs, and when we're dry,  
 Weep for more teares, another *Elegie*,  
 Old *Ennius* shall preach no Funeral here,  
 Nor make's (without a sigh, a sob, or teare)  
 Expose thee with a *Diogenes* staffe,  
 Which serv'd the *Cynick* for an *Epitaph* ;  
 No we'l command the Muses to thy Herse ;  
 And make *Apollo* weep in golden verse.  
*Parnassus* cloth'd in mourning weeds to grace  
 Thy Corps, shall stoop to give thee burying place :  
 And so it for a *Golgotha* we'l have,  
 And weep a *Helicon* into thy grave ;  
 Nay, it is fit when such great Doctors die,  
*Parnassus* should appear *Mount-Calvarie*.

Then shed your grief and labour to out-vie  
 The grave-stone sweating in its Agonie,  
 With crystal jems, which from your eyes distil,

In

In stead of dust the Sextons shovel fill,  
 Speak and weep volumes at his sepulchre,  
 As if in learned *Medcalfs* Coffin were  
 The ruines of a famous Librarie,  
 A Chronicle, a three-ages registrie;  
 And since w' have lost this jewel-honse,  
 — This treasury,  
 'Tis fit each Scholar ware  
 — A warric pearl in's eye.



In obitum Revereudi Senis Doctoris R.  
*METCALFI.*

*Carmen Lapidarium.*

**H**EUS ! heus ! morare qui sepulchra obambulas  
 Siste paulisper gradum,  
 Ubi semper aliquando sistes,  
 Moraberis aternum semel.

Cuicunque jam spei incumbis & invigilas somnio  
 Hic nonnunquam recubandum & obdormiendum est tibi;  
 Incertissimum est & quando tu me & quomodo  
 Quàm quod sequeris tandem nihil certius,  
 Imò incertum est hinc quò veneris  
 An abeas denuò & te vivum abstuleris :  
 At priusquam transeas Palabunde mortalis  
 Sacra hæc in monumenta saltem oculos fige  
 Lacrymisque duri marmoris immisce fletus,  
 Hic



*Hæc intus urna est in quâ cineres suos*  
*Custodiendos misit venerandus senex* Robertus Met-  
 (calfus  
 Theologiæ Doctor, *communis Index & Interpres*  
 (Theologicus.

S. S. & Individuæ Trinitatis Collegii,  
 Sagax Vice-præsul & Cardinalis Presbyter  
*Qui crebris curavit Eleemosynis*  
*Refocillandos pauperes :*  
*Qui juventutis indigentioris*  
*Et promovendis usque & usque alendis studiis*  
 Mæcenatem se ostendit, *sedulo munificum & munificè*  
 (sedulum

Sermonis Hebræi radix & Professor longè emeritus  
 Linguarum Orientalium phosphorus occidit :  
*Oh quàm optavit Mater Academia*  
*Ad eruenda sacra artium mysteria*  
*Ejusdem ut ætatis & annis pares forent*  
 Metcalfus & Methusalem  
 Sic quam optimus fuisset labentis ad Academiæ Ca-  
 (tastrophen

Scientiarum & doctrinæ Epilogus:

*Agessis viator vale.*  
*Video te festinare hinc quò festinant omnia ;*  
*Vale ut festines lentè.*



AN ELEGIE on the death of Dr. *Cumber*,  
late Deane of *Carlisle*, and sometimes Ma-  
ster of *Trin. Coll. in Camb.*

**W**Hat gone to sleep? hush't Reader, let him lie,  
 And with an easie funeral-lullabie,  
 Weep o're his *Cradle*, which (*poor Sextons fee*)  
 At the next *Earth-quake* may be rock't for thee,  
 For w' are all *sleepie*, and fore-morning light  
 May from our friends receive our last *good night*;  
 Nay, 'ts odds if thou or I shall watch so long,  
 As this *good father* did to's *even-song*,  
 Who wanting but just one yeare of *fourscore*,  
 I'th' *Colledge* of the *Trinitie* once more,  
 Under the *Worlds Tutor* is gone to be  
*Admitted freshman* to Eternity;  
 Would *t* this *Abrams* bosome-pupil were,  
 Oh but they 're all *Fellows*, all *Masters* there,  
 And with the glorious *Founder* of the place,  
 Still richly *feasting*, yet still *saying grace*.  
 Now, *Royal soul*, you shall enjoy your due,  
 Heaven's a mansion-lodge, more fit for you,  
 There the great *King of Kings* shall set you down,  
 And for your *Dividend* give y'a princely crown,  
 And that *white precious stone* of mysterie,  
 Which none except thy self can read to thee.  
 Those five great *Princes*, seen by thy dying eye,  
Were

Were five of Heavens *Kings* of *Herauldrie*,  
 Sent thence to be thy *Conducts* on the way,  
 Thy souls safe *convoy* from its bed-rid clay;  
 And those sweet youths which thou 'fore death  
 didst see,

Were *Cherubims* with crownes to wait on thee;  
 Farewel, brave *Prelate*, go and shine with them,  
 Sainted with a celestial *diadem*;  
 Go and be ravish't on *Gods holy hill*  
 With melting *Ecchoes*, which double and double  
 Sweet *Hallelujahs* with ten thousand charmes (still  
 By *Angels* which lie couchant in thy armes.

Farewel, good soul, thou'st bravely done thy task,  
 Acted thy part, and left us in a mask.

Tire'd out with our first *Scene* of *Tragedie*  
 And mischief, thou'dst no more *Spectator* be,  
 To see *Mountebank*-worldly goblins play,  
 The devil *jugling* the *juglers* souls away;  
 No, thou could'st weare no visard, nor pretend,  
 And be a *changeling* for some worldly end;  
 But thy firme *conscience* which had search't and tri'd  
 For *truth*, sat up its standard, fought and di'd:  
 I must not call thee *Martyr*, go and be  
 Whatever thy *Religion* made of thee.

Blessing on thee, Reader, and God grant we may  
 'Wake as he did, and 'waking watch to pray. —



*Nempe græcissaverat in Grajugenam,  
Samarita, Chaldeus, Arabs, Æthiops, Copticus*

*Qui immutabilis epanadiplosi conscientiæ  
Mundana fudit, sprexit, neglexit omnia;  
Academiæ funditus ruentium calamitatis*

*Prisca ominosa præsaga calamitas.*

*Cælestis jam demùm Cathedræ Catholicus  
Metropolitanus factus, & Archiepiscopus.*

*Hic verò tritos reposuit centones,  
Horsum scilicet nonnunquam omnia:*

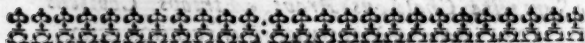
*Nescis viator, nescis revera brevi,  
Qui te ita perditte amas & colis aded*

*Vermes etiam necnè cœnaturiant tui,*

*Campana se pius inopinatò vocat  
Maximeque dubium est an Calvastr sepulchrum adeas*

*Abi, abi, ad Apodyterium tuum*

*Et disce carnem exuere.*



## In Prælia Navalia inter Anglos & Belgas.

**A** Ngliæ Belgiacæ nimium suspecta sorori,  
 Construit adversas, vix inimica, rates;  
 Utraque se Francos fecit Gens, amula utrinque,  
 Alterutra ad fluctus naumachiâque parat.  
 Concurrere rates, pugna miscentur in unâ  
 Ignis, aqua, venti, tela trisulca, tridens.  
 Angli centorum pugnant obstantibus alis,  
 Pugnat & adjutus milite Belga notho;  
 Puppium inaequalis numero non sufficit hostis,  
 Æolum in auxilium Belga frerumque manet  
 Sic contra cælos cum cælo Belga, nec audet  
 Prælia, ni totus pugnet & Oceanus;  
 Nostra ratis primò fracta est, sed & illa procellis,  
 Et non Belgarum classe, repulsa fuit;  
 Scilicet à Belgis devictos mergier Anglos,  
 Est tantum fluctus naufragiumque pati.  
 Ultima testatur Vantrumpi infamia, quantus  
 Quot Trumpis major Blaqueus unus erat;  
 Belgarum ostentat numerosa cadavera littus,  
 Ostentat lacera undique Arena retes;  
 Nempe homines contra quosvis venisse Britannos  
 Et venisse pares, usque triumphus erat:  
 Heu Piscatorum caveas Gen. ebria, vestra  
 Piscinas nobis ni faciat Regio;

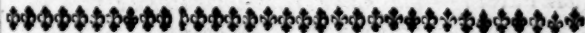
Vestra

*Vestra cave ne nos donemus corpora scombris,  
 Scilicet ad Rhombum hac ultima pugna fuit:  
 Gallum ità Delphina voces, nam vester in undis  
 Trux Leo nec pugnât, nec benè Belga natat.*



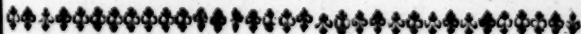
*In Amboynæ homicidia Belgica.*

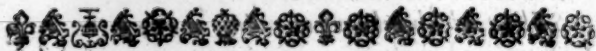
**B** *Arbara qua semper bellis & sanguine gaudet,  
 Quàm bene tota fuit Belgia dicta Leo?  
 Saviit Amboynæ qua tam crudelis in Anglos  
 Non Leo, cum catulis sava Leæna fuis:  
 Belgia jejunam superat feritate Leænam,  
 Nempe magis sava est, sed generosa minús.*



K

Ve-





Venerabili Viro, D<sup>no</sup>. R. B.  
S. R. W. A. Et P. suo  
semper observando.

*Dii majorum umbris tenuem & sine pondere terram,  
Spirantēſque crocos, & in urnā perpetuum ver.  
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis,  
Esse loco. —*

**I***nſelix poterit campus tibi Granta videri,  
Fœcundus magis est Oxoniensis ager.  
Filius indè alter locuples accurrit Homero,  
Et tibi Chaldæus filius alter adest;  
Abba ego, nil niſi cunarum pueriliter Abba,  
Inter labra foret ſeu mihi mamma loquor;  
Mi Pater ignoſcas balbo, titubantia lingua  
Feſtinans cerebrum & pectora plena notat;  
Mi Pater indulge veniam; balbutit inepta  
Lingua, nec affatur laxior ore Patrem;  
At cui filiolo non balbutire neceſſe eſt  
Cui dicenda Patris cura, Parentis amor?  
Quin indigna tuo tantò hæc ſunt nomine, quantò  
His majora tuos & meliora doces.*

Eundem





Scholam Regiam *Westmonasteriensem* Schol-  
 arum omnium Reginam alloquuntur vicissim  
*Cantabrigia & Oxonii Genii.*

*Cantab.*

**S**alve Pieridumque & Apollinis incrementum,  
*Florere in aeternum te pia Granta jubet.*

*Oxon.*

*Quin à filiolis tibi Musarum decus ingens,  
 Quos habet Oxonium mittitur alma salus.*

*Cant.*

*Te juga Parnassi nutantia fronte gemello,  
 Fam penè insipidis devenerantur aquis.*

*Oxon.*

*Et tibi post casum monumenta refigere molem,  
 Ipsaque te montis stare ruina jubet.*

*Cant.*

*A te si moriar claudi gaudebit ocellus,  
 Ultimus inque tuos spiritus ire sinus.*

*Oxon.*

*Same animam fletusque meos, nam me perente  
 Lachryma Musarum multa bibenda tibi.*

*Cant.*

*At ne divellar, fatis ne perdar iniquis,  
 Adde, precor, votis, & tua vota meis.*

Oxon.

*Atque ego ne manibus mal'è fiam prada scelestis,  
Et precibus nostris tu precor adde preces.*

Rcip Schola,

*Stabit & invitis fatis Granta Oxoniúmque:*

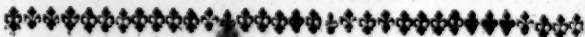
*Ox.--Optima promittis. (Cant.) Quæ bene digna fide.*

*Sed tua, Te Proles, nunquam, nunquamnè videbit  
Nos pater? (Ox.) Et viset matrem aliquando suam,*

Cant ad Ox

*Te nè priùs viset? priùs es visenda fatemur  
Non quia sis senior, sed quia mater eras.*

*Illius es (soror) & nutrix, & mater, & uno hoc  
(Quò tantum est majus) cedimus Oxonio.*



Car.



Carmen Lapidarium in obitum Machaonis *Cantabrigiensis* Johan. CRANE *Magistri in Artibus.*

Ἰντῆρος ἐπιστρεφέντ' περὶ πάντων.

**S**iste, Siste paululum Viator  
 Si non valerudinarie, mortalistamen  
 Hem! vagule, Blandule  
 Properasne? quò properes equidem nescio,  
 Id certum ex me & id unum est certum tibi  
 Properare celeri fatum te versus pede  
 Libitina pultabit aliquando importuna, inevitabilis,  
 Ageris quocunque pragmaticus  
 Atque in hac scias non lentè festinas loca.  
 Mors etenim tenebrio, plagas & tendiculas omnibus,  
 Quis huc tetendit & quo tendis attende itaque,  
 Fige osculum mihi, frigidè licet rogo, fige;  
 Peritissimi venerare cineres medici Apothecarii  
 Odorifera inter thura, aromata & diapasmata  
 Sublimatus elanguit Mercurius  
 Dextra contabuit Æsculapii manus.  
 Cujus memoria eadem debentur sacra.  
 [Quæ divo Coronidis filio Epidaurii]  
 Ludi quinquennales, gallus febricitans capra  
 Illustrior hic gentis Pœoniæ gloria & ipse Apollo oc-  
 cidit,  
 Pharmacopola, olim nobilis Panacæa & Alexicacon  
 Humanum

( 134 )

*Humanum Cranium calcinatum magis,*

*Defæcata Paracelsi Alembrot*

*Magister Artium & Magisterii*

*Metempsychosin denuò*

*Passa est Hippocratis vel Galeni animula;*

*Imminentis qui toties mortis secuerat unguer,*

*Et fatorum castigaverat precipitantiam,*

*Tibi nunc prodromus, & pracidaneus factus:*

*Meditare hospes & legendo hac facillè te intelliges,*

*In exoranda nempe fatorum numina*

*Qui morbis ferunt medicinam & remedium omnibus*

*Simile præscribet recipe & ana simile tibi.*

**VALE.**

*Vale viator quantum potes. Vale*

*At tùm demùm valebis cum huc redibis.*

*Vale.*

*A medico etiam mortuo Vale.*

In

Elogium seu Sciographica descriptio S. S.  
& Individuæ Trin. Coll. Cantab.

**E***N tibi diligentia & industria domum,  
Scientiarum fertilem redundantia & Artium ple-*  
(thorâ!

*Collegiorum erat inter Collegia nobilissima,  
Aliquando Alpha præ quo cetera  
Abecedaria nonnunquam & Alphabetica,  
Inter florentissima elegantior omnino flosculus,  
Britanniæ acutissimi oculi Cantabrigiæ  
Pupilla acies & oculus  
Reique publicæ & Academiæ matris cerebrum & pia*  
(Mater

*Facièsq; caput, & Capitolium.  
Quod Regem habuit non Fundatorem modò  
Sed & Discipulum & Incolam :  
Nec antiquæ virtutis manet  
Hodiernum solummodò adagium  
Sed Artium earundem gremium & tenax sinus  
Familiares habet cum Mercurio & Pallade Socios;  
Viros totidem Naturæ apophthegmata,  
Ad controversias cataphractos milites,  
Veritatis athleticos pugiles,  
Hærescon omnium Antagonistas & antidotâ,  
Gratiarum delicias & Adonides,  
Reique publicæ literariæ  
Totidem Optimates Dictatores, Consules,*  
K 4 *Pietatis*

*Pietatis præterea nardo redolet  
 Theologiæ Myrothecium,  
 Archipræsulis reclusum manu.  
 Pastorum spiritualium,  
 Scaturigo, fons & seminarium  
 Fundatorum Regum & Reginarum impendiis  
 Opulentum ad invidiam temporum  
 Academix adjecta non Paragoge modò  
 Sed & Epenthesis etiam & Prothesis  
 Quid Architectonice & lapidum aggeres loquar!  
 Quid spatiosam & patentem aream,  
 Augustissimum quasi Palatium,  
 Musarum amœnissimam Regiam & Basilicam  
 Vacerris palisque distinctam & divisam ornatiùs!  
 Quæ umbilici loco  
 Sublimem Aquæ ductum exomphalum habet  
 Cujus è mastis & canalibus saluunt,  
 Amatrices nymphe & perennes latices  
 Tripudiantia æstatibus refrigeria  
 Musisque gaudet alludere  
 Præ foribus Thetis Amabilis;  
 Ad ostia tranatur persluitque rivulus  
 Et amphibolæ ebulliunt nymphe,  
 Quæ abnatantes tacitè obmurmurant  
 Lapillulisque amicè remoris  
 Suaviter insusurrant quàm nolentes defluant,  
 Quid Bibliothecam loquar!  
 Quot sunt homines, tot non modò sententiæ  
 Sed Authentica capita & Authores Classici.  
 Quid Aula excelsa lacunaria,*

*Epistilia & compactiles trabes.*

*Crateres, Diotas, Phialas, & capacem illa Nevilis  
(tinam!*

*Quid coruscantia sacelli laquearia,  
Tòtque tutelares olim glabreones Angelos  
Opulentas sacerdotales vestes Phrygias  
A cupictum tapetem & vermiculata gausapa,  
Lances, pateras, & thuribula argentea,  
Nobiliori pavimenta undique superba lapide,  
Cinctòsque peribolis amœnissimos hortulos!*

*Columnis cubicula fornicata marmoreis  
Tot Gratiarum thalamos & cubilia!*

*Ostentent Collegia cetera*

*Trinitatis quasi tantum appendices  
Lateritios & diplinthios parietes*

*Literarum planè gurgustia:*

*Quotcunque structuram nostram spectatum veniunt,  
Ore omnes uno conclamant undique*

*Præter Oxonienses fratres grandiloquos*

*Academiæ quas Europa venditat*

*Omnium facilè Regina Cantabrigia*

*Collegiorum quæ antiquissima Cantabrigia arrogat.*

*S. S. & Individuæ Trinitatis Collegium primas  
(obtinet.*



In festum S. S. Trinitatis ad Socios  
ejusdem Coll,

**E** Pistonia Collegiensa omnia,  
Saliente murmurent mero,  
Dubiaeque dum perambulant mensas dapes,  
Pingui laborantes bove  
Spuent Aristippum Diotæ argentea,  
Generosa juvenum munera;  
Ad labra mittendus bibentum non nisi  
Ingentiori maschalà  
Ore astuans Nevilis ille grandior  
Spumet falerno cantharus  
Fluctum in rates immanis ut cætus suo,  
Faculatur è Siphunculo;  
Haurite calices, amphorâsque nobiles  
Inebriato margine,  
At ah! quid est! quid ad palatum provocos?  
Quid hortor ad cultum gula!  
Hæc magna lux rationis oculos conterens  
Est unica fidei sacra,  
A Patre filius ex utrisque Spiritus  
Ambo coeterni Patris,  
Personæ in unâ essentia tres, numina  
Non sunt tria, at Deus unicus.  
Næ Filius Pater est; nec est aut Filius,



*Aut Spiritus, dictus Pater.*

*Et Spiritus nec est Pater nec Filius,*

*Sed Unitas est; Trinitas*

*Sic videram triplices lucernam pensilem*

*Incorporare lampadas,*

*Sic videram, videndo plus cecutio*

*Oculique lippiunt magis*

*Eloque e verbum, Christe verbum terminos*

*Hos Trinitatis explica*

*Ipsam applica te menti, ut evadat mea*

*Ratione doctior fides,*

*Et doctior fide ratio.*



*Voluptates commendat rarior usus.*

*A*ssiduis sordet Luculli mensa palatis

*Respuit & solitas nausea multa dapes,*

*Mendicis modo jejunis sportella placebit,*

*Et si rara magis dulcior esset aqua;*

*Omne volup volucre est, unde est desumpta voluptas;*

*Deliciasque vocant, quæ quasi deliteant.*

*Displiceant ne quando, Jovi superisque bibuntur*

*Ad Phœbi risus Nectar & Ambrosia*

*Displiceat ne quando tibi mea, Lector, Amanda,*

*Rarò, quàm mea sit dulcis Amanda, legas.*

To the Fellows of *Trin. Coll.* at a Feast.

When ever you good Fellows please to feast,  
 We under-graduates, dogrels at the best,  
 Poor witsto help you laugh away the time,  
 Must think't our duty to hold forth in rithme;  
 Would you allow us coats in honest prose,  
 Like *Sturbridge-puddings* in their antick hose.  
 In stead of halting verse, we'd dance on egges,  
 Make faces, and shew owles between our legges;  
 'Twould never vex us to afford you sport,  
 Were but our appetite contented for't;  
 Whimsies and kick-shaw fancies I confesse,  
 Are better then a feast of lazinesse;  
 Yet I had rather be an idle guest,  
 Then call the Muses up, and get them drest  
 All nine for three-pence, bonnie *Cleio* sweares  
 Te'nt worth the lacing of their stomachers.

If verses 'gin to grow so cheap with us,  
*Smithfield* shall dock and rate my *Pegasus*,  
 I'le water *Hackneys* in *Pyrene's* streams,  
 Make *Helicon* as common as the *Thames*,  
*Parnassus* to the Levellers I'le sell,  
 Morgage that *Tempe* and its sacred Well  
 To that new sinner Doctor *Chamberlin*,  
 To buck and runce his Lady-dabchicks in,  
 Himself shall dipper be, and Baptist too,  
 I'le make my bargain he naught else may do.

To a spurious Poet.

**B** Etwixt the hawke and buzzard, bastard-kite,  
 How durst thou try to make an Eagles flight,  
 And with thy blear eyes in so high a place,  
 To look my great *Apollo* in the face?  
*Sirrah*, 'twas mercy he was wrapt about  
 With clouds, else had thy eyes bin quite burnt out,  
 Then to thy fancie thou would'st seem to be  
 An *English Homer*, as stark blinde as he,  
 The Ballad-fingers should thy dogrels sell,  
 Thou call d *the Poet with the dog and bell* ;  
 Then rithme i' th' streets, and on a wad of hay  
 Kneel, and in verse the learned begger play  
 Amongst the scaldheads under *White-hall* wall,

*If it be ne'er so little amongst you all,  
 For the Muses sake before you go yet  
 Pray remember the poor blinde cripple Poet ;*

Then roguish waggish boyes as they passe by,  
 Chuck farthings in the hollow of thine eye,  
 Or else spit charity in thy greasie hat,  
 Blow oysters in't, *There, Poet, take thee that.*

Then play the *Higins* for the regiment  
 Of lowsie tag-raggs till thy lungs be spent,  
 And on the Sabbath with thy wooden dish  
 Beg pottage for them, their best Sunday-wish ;

And

And then astride thy raw-bon'd *Pegasus*,  
Like a beggar on horse-back, rant it thus.

*Mistrisse, I can make Psalmes for you,*

*One Cup of beer I pray*

*On this good holy-day*

*For I very dry am,*

*Hopkins and Sternhold too,*

*Were Poets both as I am.*

Thou *Salemit*, were this sentence past on thee,

'Twere a just judgement for thy *heresie*;

Impostor! thou a *Poet* so we call

A Broker, one of *Merchant-Taylors* hall:

So *Crispins* boyes, who scarce can mend a shoe,

Will be no *Coblers* but *Translators* too:

Thus the dull *scrapers*, who for six pence play

At *wakes* and *help-ales* a whole night and day:

Those lewd *squeakers*, who have no other shake,

But of their *palsie-heads*, say you mistake

To call them *Fidlers*, as they needs must be

*Musicians*, the name of *Poet's* due to thee:

So old wives study *Physick*, who can make

A *Poultis* for a felon'd thumb to break

And ripen it, thou good at *Poetrie*!

*Annise-seed-Robbins* skill'd in *Chymistrie*:

So *Pettifoggers* and *Attorneys* Clerks,

Innes of Court-gallants, those *Ram-alley* sparks,

Who with a dash have learn't to write their names,

And say *vous-aves* to the City-dames,

Teach them what *fee-simple* and *fee-tail* implies,

Would be thought cunning Lawyers, and advise

In cases which they ken as knowingly,  
 As thou the mysteries of *Poetrie*;  
 So *Academians* call their Sophisters,  
 That steal positions good *Philosophers*;  
*Pin-makers* are as good *Goldsmiths*, if they  
 That deal in varnish, whose rude fancie may  
 By licence wrong the creatures, in their noses,  
 Mouths and eyes, painting for Lions, roses;  
*Chimera's* in red-oaker, naggslike hogs,  
 And hares which hunts-men cannot know from  
 (dogges;  
 If these rude land-skip-drawers, limners be,  
 Then as a *Poet* we shall honour thee.

But know thou didst that sacred name abuse,  
 When thou mad'st market of thy cotquean *Muse*,  
 Going about from door to door with her,  
 Not like the *Poet* but the *Stationer*;  
 Nay few o'th' Poems in thy book, 'tis known,  
 Except some non-sense dull ones are thy own;  
 Thou hast been simpling in a ditch, and got  
 I'th' fields some *Lady-smocks* or *Melilot*,  
*Blue-bottles* or the like, and thou must needs  
 Like girles make *posies* of those stinking weeds,  
 Mingling some sweeter and more fragrant flowers  
 Of better wits to sent and set off yours;  
 And yet 'tis fear'd both are condemn'd to die,  
 For thou wert forc't to vent thy *Poetrie*,  
 As haggis for sizings on a *Scholar's* head,  
 A *Tuttie* for a loaf of *Colledge-bread*.

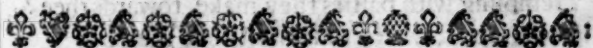
Thou higler, who dost make a hackney Jade

Of *Pegasus*, and witt a rithming trade,  
 Thy book a kinde of Collect is a brief,  
 At first directed to the heads, and chief  
 O'th' parish whom it may concern, and then  
 To all other well-affected Gentlemen;  
 As many Patrons to't as Authors are,  
 Made like a reck'ning where each clubs his share;  
 Only thou pay'st the drawer, and would'st get  
 Credit for spending of anothers wit:

Huckster, forbear this cheating beggerie,  
 Or vent thy own, and better *Poetrie*.  
 Climbing too high upon *Parnassus* hill,  
 Thy squeamish fancie straight grew sick and ill,  
 There thou didst cast and spew, the *Muses* faine  
 Would have thee lick thy vomit up again.

---

On



On the Rout of the disloyal Partie of  
*Scots at Dunbarre.*

**I**s *Fockie* routed? *Charon*, rig thy boat  
If worth thy labour, with fresh rushes strow t;  
Waftage enough feare not, but yet prepare  
A strong rough stretcher, if thy *naul*, thy fare  
They dare deny thee, break their crags mon, do,  
Else scarce wil't have one ha'penny for two.  
If thou art wise get a blue bonnet on,  
They'l pay thee better 'cause their Country-mon.

See here they come mon, what a *Scottish* drove  
Crouds in full flock unto th' *Elysian* grove!  
Foure thousand at the least! Heark! what a shrill  
Sad noise, the mazes of my eares doth fill!  
And on their tender parchments beat from thence  
Like drum-sticks an Alarum to my sense!  
What strange confused Eccho's do I hear,  
Howlings for losse of *Bernes*, of gudes and geer!  
Oh prethy see, see how along they gang  
With kettles at their gurdles! o're their shoulders

(hang  
Course oat-meal bags, as though they'd beg a boon  
Of *Pluto*, still to feed on *Pattaloon*;

Ah *Charon*, lanch into the deep, there make  
Conditions e're they board thee, do not take  
A mon into thy skiffe till thou art paid;

See what a totter'd Regiment, how dismaid,  
 Trembling with palsies they make towards thee !  
 Look, look, what a rude multitude they be !  
 What gibbrish is't they mutter ? how they call,  
 With de'il take boat, the Ferrie-mon and all !  
 How they run hastily as if they knew  
 Some death, some second *Cromwel* did pursue !

Alas old gray-beard, now thy whirrie breaks,  
 Heark, what a crack it gives ! See, see, it leaks,  
 Go hire a thousand Watermen to play  
 Next Oares, next Sculler, 'tis a safer way,  
 Get cock-boats, barges, lighters, has there bin  
 No Navie sunk of late to put them in ?  
 But no great matter, let them stay on shore,  
 Drop into *Styx*, like *Soland-geese* swim o're.

Cowards ! *Mars* such a bastard brood disdains,  
 Who whil'ft their blood congealed in their veins,  
 Like Ague-shaken *Myrmidons* did fight,  
 Till suddenly they thaw'd into a flight ;  
 And brooking not the lightning which did flie  
 From the steel'd courage of our souldiery,  
 Like to chill snow in a hot Sun-shine day,  
 These Northern *Ifickles* did melt away :

But are they vanquish't, routed horse and mon ?  
 Must treacherous *Fockie* visit *Phlegeton* ?  
 Let wilde-fires then cut capers on the ropes,  
 Appear and vanish like their empty hopes ;  
 Mount rockets to the second region, higher  
 Than their ambition soar'd, dart balls of fire,  
 Let powder-devils, squibs and crackers flie,



And dance us *Scottish* gigs, to testifie  
 How our triumphant hearts, our arteries  
 Leap in us, and how mirth smiles in our eyes.

Farewel, poor *Scot*, thou need'st no more to come  
 For coine, our *States* have sent a new-coin'd summe;  
*Troopers on horseback*, pieces that weigh down  
 Put in the balance, more then half a crown;  
 Though *Magazines of Nobles* (doits to us)  
 Make the scales even as an over-*plus*.

These new-coin'd pieces which we send to you,  
 Augment their worth by name of *Sterling* too:

Ye noxious windes, into some caverns flie:  
 Vanish, *Kirk-mill-dews*, *ignes fatui*:  
 Farewel, ne'er more, ye fogs of errour, dare  
 Taint with your breath our wholesom *English* aire:  
 Think you to blast (with your *Presbyterie*)  
 This fine faire blossom of our libertie?  
 No, your *Geneva* black *Kirk-liveries*,  
 'Gin to grow thread-bare in the peoples eyes;  
 And if you ben't permitted to renew't,  
 'Twill but just last you for a mourning suit.

Go haste to *Chaul* and *Cochin*, there to try  
 If you can live on high-way charity;  
 Go feed on graines the *Banians* cates,  
 As *Catercousins* with the *Gusarates*,  
 Like beasts if any wounded, haste you all  
 For salves unto *Cambaia's* hospital;  
 March, wicked *Fockie*, towards *Bengalen*,  
 With th' *Indian Pagods* Priests, (farre better men)  
 To *Ganges* blessed streams, there cast thee in,

With holy water purge thee of thy sinne;  
 Or turn a superstitious traveller,  
 Finde out the tombe-stone of *Jack-Presbyter*,  
 (Like *Turkish* Pilgrims, who to *Mechago*,  
 See th'iron coffin, then will see no moe.)  
 Once having seen where th' holy relique lies,  
 In zealous humour pluck out both thy eyes,  
 Then if thou safe returnest, or if not,  
 We'll honour thee with name of *Hogie Scot*.

Men worse then *Gours*, whom malice can't de-  
 (same,

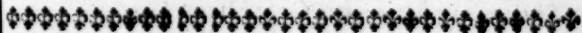
*Cupec* and *CanZier* is too clean a name;  
 It is a sinne to let a *Scot* compound,  
 Nay, should you choak and thrust them under  
 (ground,

Know that you are no Authors of their death,  
 The Coward-*Scots* ran themselves out of breath;  
 Laugh, laugh to think on't, e're the fight begun,  
 What preparations *Jackie* made to run;  
 Laugh, laugh, to think in what a stormie night,  
 Death kill'd their foot and light-horse in the flight;  
 I know of old it hath a saying bin,  
 A *Scottish* mist wets th' *English* to the skin;  
 Whether that proverb's verifi'd or not,  
 I'm sure such *English* showers kill a *Scot*.



## In Fugatos Scotos.

**B**ellica, vicisti trepidantes, Anglia, Scotos;  
 In sua, contritus traditur, antra Aquilo  
 Victor, quo fuerat victoria certior Anglus  
 Scotia, quo minor est gloria, victa fuit.  
 Anglia Mavortis tum demum Filia pugnas,  
 Ipsa tibi quando pugna triumphus erit  
 Astutus, minimè pugnax tibi sternitur hostis,  
 Nunquam bella Scotus, sapiùs arma gerit.



L 3

Ex





Ἐκ τῆς ὁρᾶς γίνεταί τὸ ἐρᾶν.

**L**ascivo, lascivus amor sedet hircus, in birquo,  
 Ortum habet, è solo lumine, Diva Paphi;  
 Turpiter Antiqui Venerem dixere Aphroditen,  
 Non est orta mari nempe, nea orta mero;  
 Constituat Venerem si spuma, vocabitur inde  
 Sordidior meretrix & lupa quæque Venus  
 Nobilis illa Venus, mea quam pupilla venustam,  
 Novit & orta oculo est deliciosa meo.  
 Prima, oculi, Veneris sunt incunabula, primas  
 Ex oculi accendit luce Cupido, faces  
 Hic Puer Idalius venantem Actæona prendit  
 Seu nova in hoc capitis fonte Diana foret;  
 Interdum capto capietur ocellus ocello,  
 Sapè videns capitur, sapè videndo capit;  
 Rhetina reticulum, & venabula cornea amoris,  
 Formarum duo sunt caustica vitra oculi  
 Optica fila suis puer ales cornibus aptat  
 Non alios nervos arcus amoris habet.  
 Infantem & Catulum cæcum qui dixit Amorem  
 Fallitur, est oculus totus, & Argus. Amor.



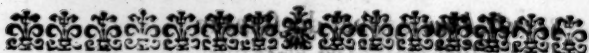
## A Mock-sonnet.

I.

**W**Hy so *Faire* ? why so sweet ;  
 My *Fairest sweet one*, why so coy ?  
 Why so angry ? why so fretting ?  
 That pretty *face*, didst thou but see't,  
 How thy soft *cheeks* so smooth and faire,  
 Like to those full fat *buttocks* are,  
 Where *Venus* claps her *plump-arst boy*,  
     How they rise  
     About thine *eyes*,  
 And betwixt thy *nose* out-jetting ;  
 Would'st thou but wave thy modestie,  
     And look from top to toe,  
     Above, below,  
     What daintie things there be,  
 Thy milk-white, full-milch't *breast*,  
 Upon whose swelling hills doth rest,  
     *Aminta's* new wash't flock,  
 Where the *Graces* make *caresses*,  
 Like most am'rous *shepherdesses*,  
 Surely thou canst not think I mock.

*Lovely Faire*, why so chaste?  
 Why so peevish? so untoward?  
 At what my *Deare* hast took distaste?  
*Sweetest faire one*, why so froward?  
 Would'st thou but view impartially,  
 The rolling goggles of thine eye,  
 Thy unthatch't *browes* so neatly set  
     With scales of scurf all o're,  
 Thy hairelesse *eye-lids* alwayes wet  
     And stiffe with gum good store  
     Didst thou but see  
 Upon thy *nose* how prettily  
 I th' pimpled pockholes all about  
*Cupids* play bopeep in and out,  
 How thy *snag-teeth* stand orderly,  
 Like stakes which strut by th' water-side,  
     Stradling to beat off the tide,  
 Till green and worn to th' stumps they be;  
 Would'st thou but once, my *Dearest-sweet*,  
 Look thy self o're from *head to feet*,  
     Below, above,  
 Thou canst not chuse but think I love.

*Beautie, beautie*, what doest mean  
*Cupid* sucks my *heart-blood* out,  
 And well thou know'st I cannot wean  
 The *child*, for thy sweet dugs do give him life  
 When I would starve the *rogue*; then turn about,  
 Busse me and say thou'lt be my *wife*,  
 For troth when e're I see,  
 Either what is below thy *knee*,  
 Or if mine eyes I cast,  
 On parts above thy *waste*;  
 Where e're my sense doth move,  
 I'm more and more in love.  
 Still from thine *eyes* there passes,  
 As from great *burning-glasses*,  
 Lightning in such frequent flashes,  
 That consume my *heart* to ashes;  
 Nay, when thou blow'st thy snottie *nose*,  
 The bellows of thy *nostril* blowes  
 The fire of *love* into a flame,  
 And th' *oile* of *Arm-pits* feeds the same,  
 Thy legges, breast, lips and eyes inflave me,  
 But if behinde thee once I come,  
 Ond view the mountains of thy *bum*,  
 Oh then  
 I'm mad to have thee.



On his bed standing in his study.

**W**Hat are the Muses chambers made to be  
 A lodge for sleep? their gard'ns his nurserie?  
 Must fancie's *Hymen*, must the god of light  
 Dance with the dull, dark Bridegroom of the night?  
 Did e're the sisters for a *requiem* go  
 To fields, where slumbring sleepeie poppies grow?  
 Did ever bed-stead on *Parnassus* stand?  
 Usurping *Morpheus*, didst thou e're command,  
 And shake thy leaden scepter, in the Court  
 Where watchful active Muses use to sport?  
 Thought'st thou to be, though not at all divine,  
 A bed-fellow to any of the nine?  
 Which sister is't hath lost her maiden-head?  
 The strumpet now must needs be brought to bed;  
 Which Muse must waiting-Gentlewoman be,  
 Turne pisse-tail'd Chambermaid to tend on thee?  
 What, must the noble spritely *Pegasus*  
 Engender with the foggie night-mare thus:  
 Making a stable of my Chamber-room,  
 My bed the manger, and my self the Groom?  
 Know crazie god of sleep, a Poet can  
 Without a night-cap make a hymne to *Pan*;  
 Take not thy drowsie blankets, ('tis a sinne)  
 To-tosse the Muses high-borne children in;  
 Poets are ne're so dull to sacrifice,

Watch-



Watch-lights and tapers to nights Deities ;  
 Is there 'tween *Lethe* and *Pyrene's* streams,  
 No difference ? are Enthusiasmes dreames ?  
 Shall *Phæbus* sonnes i'th' bed drive light away,  
 And with *Apollo's* curtain blinde the day ?  
*Here lies a bedrid-Poet*, I'd rather have  
 A dormitorie without Epitaph,  
 Then on my monument it should be sed,  
*Euterpe's* smother'd in a feather-bed :  
 Me for no hydromantick novice take,  
 Who cast my water for experience sake,  
 I'm no young *Pæon*, that thus at my hand  
 My Urine alwayes should so closely stand ;  
 At twelve o'th' clock it truly may be sed,  
 To me you're come but newly from your bed.

*Somnus* the Muses Clofet must not be,  
 A cabbin for thine *Incubus* and thee.  
 Yet I love sleep, good *Morpheus* do not frown,  
 I only wish my feather-bed were down.

---

To



## De Meryone &amp; Laide ex Auson.

**C**ANUS rogabat Laidis noctem Myron :  
 Tulit repulsam protinus.  
 Causamque sensit & caput fuligine  
 Fucavit atrâ candidum.  
 Idemque vultu, crine non idem Myron,  
 Orabat oratam prius.  
 Sed illa formam cum capillo comparans,  
 Similemque non ipsum rata.  
 Fortasse & ipsum sed volens ludo frui  
 Sic est adorta callidum,  
 Inepte quid me quod recusavi rogas ?  
 Patri negavi jam tuo.

**G**RAY-headed Myron ask't to lie one night  
 With *Lais*, she in troth deni'd the wight,  
 He knew the cause, (resolv'd to try once more)  
 With foot and grease he black't his head all o're,  
 Still Myron in his face, though not in's hair,  
 To her he came, pray'd o're his former prayer;  
 But she comparing with his haire his feature,  
 Thought he was like, if not the self-same creature.  
 Perhaps she knew'm, but minded then to make  
 Some sport, thus to the cunning knave she spake,  
 Coxcomb d'ask, why thou may not come o're me?  
 I but e'en now deni'd thy father before thee.

## Gynochimæra, Puella Abrodiæta.

**E**N formosam tibi, Amator, & delicatulam Hele-  
(nam!

*Ab imis unguibus ad usque verticem,  
Pulchram, venustam, blandulam,  
A prima luce mille petitam procis  
Sedulò petitam satrapis,  
Et æmuli indies Dominæ accendunt pretium.  
Ubi? ubi? surrexit? dormit? hilares, anxii, lugubres,  
Audaces, desperantes, creduli,  
Percontantur, accersunt, rogant;  
Jentavit nondum meum Nectar, Ambrosia,  
Epule, dapes, cupedia, jentaculum, prandium, cæna?  
Precatur hoc mane Danææ mea?  
Deorum nefas! facinus! flagitium! scelus!  
Num tale quicquam superi audent sinere?  
Surge Titane, surgat centimanus Briareus.  
Adeste furiosi Gigantum manes,  
Encelade, Polybotes, Hippolyte, Mina,  
Ossam reimponite Pelio,  
Illa num tenellos poplites molli genua?  
Juro per ipsam illam Ursulam meam  
Totus Olympus ruet,  
Digna est cui preces Jupiter:  
Vultis ut cælo parcam*

Descendite superi  
 Ne fracti elabantur orbes  
 Submissi & humiles veniam petita,  
 Non introspectiendas ad fenestras Cubiculi  
 Citò, citò, flectite & adore meam,  
 Benè habet numina, humilitatem laudo;  
 Venerari autem meam & colere,  
 Qua non est major, non est pulcbrior Dea  
 Nec in ipsis Superis est Humilitas :  
 At tu verò, quid ita prope ?  
 Quisnam es ? Mars & imò Mavors esto  
 Ni te auferas, feriam ;  
 Tu autem quis ?  
 Auden' retrorsum oculos  
 Vel Ζην vel Ζην, vel Δις vel Δι  
 Ζεὺς nebulo quin te ablegas ?  
 Eja, hem ! è transennâ tandem accersor a dipol,  
 Ha, nunc ad amoris Tempe & cælum vado  
 Quàm bellè detorquebo cervicem meam  
 Ad dispensanda & carpenda suavia!  
 Quàm gloriose & feliciter ego  
 Triumphabo hodie in certamine thalami !  
 Vah graveolentem & teterrimum spiritum !  
 Quam sunt nivalia & hircosa ofcula !  
 Huccine res ! hæc illa bellula ?  
 Nil est monstruosum nil belluinum magis,  
 Mulier Decumani capitis  
 Crines habet scirpeos,  
 Viperis immistas colubras ;

Subcineritiam, mazonomicam, paradoxam faciem  
 Inhabitata manuibus;  
 Frontem aramentario Fusori utilem,  
 Scutularum instar limes ab invicem oculi  
 Spumâ cervisie stagnant,  
 Pro naso gobium gexit,  
 Paradromides nares & matulas,  
 Labra pastomide digna  
 Sugillata, livida,  
 Nigriora illinitis calcantho calceis,  
 In ore fuscinas habet,  
 A sese abhorrentium & aberrantium dentium  
 Abecedarium Arabico-persicum;  
 Ad commiscenda basia  
 Congrediuntur nasus & mentum simul,  
 Et senio pensilis  
 Ictum minatur oculo  
 Supercilii materiaria incrustatio,  
 Subque semper gargariat phlegmate :  
 Et ecce grossos tortuosos digitos  
 Quorum ungues pterigia obtegunt!  
 Quò plus intueor hoc inhorresco magis,  
 Ah me ! Grandebalas olidas,  
 Ampullas, & lagunculas pectoris !  
 Meretrix est opime Hypochondriae  
 Doliaris uteri & saginati abdominis,  
 En & ventris cadum  
 Panarium & libidinis bulgam  
 Carnosam, obesam, pinguiusculam !  
 Sub gremiali carbaso furnarium habet

Putres cambucâ inguines  
 Arcuatas coxendices & Pistoris ischia,  
 Protuberantes condylos  
 Quos nec pelvis tegat tonsoria  
 Gradu quanquam incedit grillatorio  
 Uncos & dispares si respicias pedes  
 Scazon est & animal catalecticum:  
 Corpus scopulosum scabie  
 Psorâ, ulceribus, pustulis  
 (Siliquas corticesque cum deglubat unguibus)  
 Purgando quotidie cœnovectorium non est,  
 Apage te scraptia, Creationis scoria,  
 Pythecium, barathrum, naturæ scandalum,  
 Carnis & ossium  
 Tumultuariò constricta sarcina,  
 Difformitatum Gerontocomii epitome.  
 Quam qui ducet habiturus est,  
 Et paranympnum Dæmonem & Proserpinam pro-  
 (nubam  
 Sed tamen ades dum amabo meum suavius  
 Ah labellorum delicias! Ah dulcedinem!  
 Quàm bellè disputant gaze?  
 Opulentâ tuâ si cum dote veniat  
 Placebit & amabitur  
 Maga quacunque vel anilis succuba.



Ad Academiae Matris Neronis & viperas.

**C**aballinis Mercuri è fontibus  
 Aqua fortis fluat stygia,  
 Totis à Parnassi jugis  
 Imbres aceti depluant,  
 Adeste Deliani cacodæmones  
 Scabiosi pastores ovium  
 Ego vos perunctos & perlinitos dabo  
 Oh si vestrorum cadauerum  
 Nominumque pollinetor  
 Vel ambidexter corporum liCTOR forem!  
 Mallem etenim ad eculcum & patibulum vosmet  
 Quàm vestra ad incudem dogmata:  
 Quid Heliconiis vos in alveariis  
 Literarum Cepheneis & Bombylii Ecclesiæ?  
 Non ostracismis modo sed bannis digni,  
 Relegandi non ad Anticyras sed Girgathum,  
 Diaboli protomystæ flamines,  
 Tartarorum metropolitani & Pontifices stygis,  
 Apolyonis Heresiarchæ Archangeli  
 Infernalis Mustaphæ satellites Janizarii  
 Concionatores tympanista  
 Beelzebub cacoæli apostoli  
 Non genuini Almæ Matris filii  
 Sed meretricis Babylonicae spurii

(162)

Jesuitarum non tibicines modo  
Sed & utriculares tibia  
Tam nefaria capita

Quid ni suapte lapides & tegula involent?

Quin excidant vindices trabes,  
Ustulet syderatio vel percellant fulgura?

Dii boni!

Musa! que Parnassumque evertere  
Literatos omnes & bonos viros pessundare,  
Orthodoxam Religionem conspuere  
Christum demutilare & destruire Ecclesiam

Quibus ipsorum etiam phaselus in partu navigat,  
Rudentem & anchoram praeacideret  
Eundemque cui innitantur, baculum frangere!

Tam lusciosos Myopes

Qui quicquid in buccam venit,  
Sacrilegi eruant & blasphemi effutiunt

Quin auferat Charon scapharius?

At exitium est felix nimis,

Et culpanda charitatis votum,

Quod vos feretro & sandapilaris voveat;

Vivos videntisque comedat scabies,

Pediculorum & vermium Aegyptia cohors

Intestina sacrificentur Proserpinæ

Et Diis inferis viscera.

O Homines!

Qui disseminare Evangelium novum,

Abdicare Hæredem vineæ

Dehonestare majorem mores,

Rescindere edicta Patrum



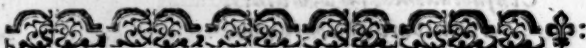
(162)

Consuetudines, jura, ordines,  
Perturbare & confundere  
Abhorrere à veritatis lumine,  
Sancta & Religiosa templa violare,  
Ditis attri patefacere januam,  
Bonas animas perdere,  
Judæos & Jesuitas agere  
Dissimulare mentiri & fallere,  
Munus & pensum ducitis:  
Quam nec amabilis Christi videtur sponsa,  
Ejus in facie vos inhaeretis turpiter  
Ignominiosa macula!  
Literatorum illiterata & sæculenta eluvies,  
Sordes & segisterium Populi;  
Quin Academiæ hæc quisquiliæ,  
Exercitor publicus cænovectorio efferat!

---

M 2

The



The Epistle of *Rosamund* to King HENRY  
the Second: Written by M. D.

Esquire.

**I**F yet thine eyes great *Henry* may endure  
These tainted lines drawn with a hand impure,  
[Which faine would blush, but fear keeps blushing  
(back,

And therefore suited in despairing black.]

Let me for *loves* sake their acceptance crave,

But that sweet name (vile) *I* profained have;

Punish my fault, or pity mine estate;

Reade them for love, if not for love for hate.

If with my shame, thine eyes thou faine would'st  
(feed

Here let them surfeit of my shame to reade,

This scribled paper which *I* send to thee,

If noted rightly doth resemble me:

As this pure ground whereon these letters stand,

So pure was *I* e're stained by thy hand;

E're *I* was blotted by this foule offence,

So clear and spotlesse was my innocence:

Now like these marks which taints this hateful  
(scrowl,

Such the black finnes which spot my leprous soul.

What by this Conquest canst thou hope to win,  
Where thy best spoile is but the act of sinne?

Why



Epistola Rosamundæ ad HENRICUM se-  
cundum Latinis versibus reddita.

**H**Æc mea si vestris oculis, Henrice, placebit,  
Adsit ut impurâ chartula scripta manu  
(Chartula qua voluit semel erubuisse. sed ex spes  
Pullatam jussit (proh dolor!) ire metus.)

Accipias placido vultu, rogo nomine amoris;  
Sacrum aliquando fuit nam mihi nomen amor:

Vel culpam plecte, aut nostri miserere doloris

Perlege & ex odio si modo non quod ames:

Vis oculos scelerate meo satiare pudore?

En meus impertit pabula lauta pudor.

Est hæc, quam mitto tibi sparsam, charta, lituris,

Si benè perspicias, turpis imago mei

Hæc quam munda fuit, cum nondum scripta maneret

Chartula, & ipsa semel tam quoque munda fui;

At manibus male tacta tuis, sum tota litura

Facta, nec hæc maculis tam nigra charta suis:

Quid spoliū potes ex illo sperare triumpho

In quo vicisse est turpe patrâsse scelus?

Dedecoris usculâ meâ quid mihi nomina fædas,

Nominibus crescit quid mea culpa tuis?

Nobilis es? titulo scelus est illustrins illo,

Nec solita est humiles visere fama lares;

Elata ad cælos scintillula stella videtur,

Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,  
 To make my fault renowned by a King?  
 "Fame never stoops to things but mean and poor;  
 "The more our greatnesse, our fault is the more;  
 "Lights on the ground themselves do lessen farre,  
 "But in the aire, each small spark seems a starre:  
 Why on my woman frailtie shouldst thou lay,  
 So strong a plot mine honour to betray?  
 Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,  
 Both with thine own shame and my infamie?  
 "Twas not my minde consented to this ill,  
 Then had I been transported by my will;  
 For what my body was inforc't to do,  
 (Heaven knowes) my soule yet ne'er consented to  
 For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,  
 Such as my love, such had my lover been  
 "True love is simple, like his mother truth,  
 "Kindly affection, youth to love with youth.  
 "No greater corsive to our blooming yeares,  
 Then the cold badge of winter-blasted haire;  
 "Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,  
 "But cannot keep back age, with time it growes,  
 "Though honour our ambitious sexe doth please,  
 "Yet in that honour age a fowle disease:  
 "Nature hath her free course in all, and then  
 "Age is alike in Kings and other men.  
 Which all the world will to my shame impute,  
 That I my self did basely prostitute,  
 And say that gold was fewel to the fire,  
 Gray haire in youth not kindling green desire.

*Stella sed in terris vix ea lumen habet.*

*Quid mihi conaris charos ita perdere honores,*

*Ut dicas tandem foemina victa tibi?*

*Delicias emit illicitas (quam flebile lucrum!)*

*Virginis intacta gloria, Regis honos!*

*In tantas Venerem quæ flammæ ire coegit*

*Non mea fax certè non meus ignis erat.*

*Illa meo quondam quæ sunt in corpore facta*

*Novit nusquam anima grata fuisse Deus.*

*Libera si votis essem nec amator amorem*

*Noster amatorem nec superasset amor:*

*Verus amor simplex, & matre potentior ipsa*

*Pulchra sit ut iuveni juncta puella jubet:*

*Virginibus teneris non est magis anxiosa cura*

*Quam sit brumalis cana pruina coma;*

*Quid tua, quod sævos, fugat hostes, Regia virtus*

*Interea & Regis terga ienecta premit;*

*Fœmina conspicuos licet ambiat amula honores,*

*Non benè commendat Regia pompa senem.*

*Cancellos minimè patitur natura, vagatur*

*Undique conveniunt in senem Rex & homo.*

*Ergo ego per gentes meretrix in gloria dicar*

*Quæ me venalem Fœmina avara dedi;*

*Sordida regali dicar mercabilis auro,*

*Atque auro nostros incaluisse foros*

*Squallida nam vetuli nec adurit barba puellas*

*Nec senis accendit fax moritura faces;*

*At mala colligerem vetitos ut ab arbore fructus;*

*Causa fuit, iussu fœmina missa tuo.*

*Fœmina dicebam? serpens, subtilior anguis*

O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,  
 My tempter was to that forbidden tree :  
 That subtile serpent, that seducing devil,  
 Which bade me taste the fruit of good and evil ;  
 That *Circe* by whose magick I was charm'd,  
 And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd ;  
 That viprous Hag, that foe to her own kinde,  
 That devillish spirit to damne the weaker minde ;  
 Our frailties plague our sexes only curse,  
 Hells deep'st damnation, the worst evils worse.

But *Henry* how canst thou affect me thus,  
 T' whom thy remembrance now is odious ?  
 My haplesse name with *Henry's* name I found,  
 Cut in the glasse with *Henry's* diamond :  
 That glasse from thence fain would I take away,  
 But then I feare the aire would me betray :  
 Then do I strive to wash it out with teares,  
 But then the same more evident appears ;  
 Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,  
 Which that names witnesseth doth against me stand :  
 Once did I sinne, which memory doth cherish,  
 Once I offended, but I ever perish.  
 " What grief can be, but time doth make it lesse ?  
 " But infamie time never can suppress.  
 Sometimes to passe the tedious irksome houres,  
 I climbe the top of *Woodstocks* mounting towers ;  
 Where in a turret secretly I lie,  
 To view from farre such as do travel by ;  
 Whither (me thinks) all cast their eyes at me,  
 As through the stones my shame did make them see.

And

Compulit illa meas in glucupicra manus,  
 Canidia illa, ferox Medea, venefica Circe,  
 Quæ magico succo pocula mista dedit;  
 Quæ monstri faciem dedit hanc monstrosior ipsa,  
 Ipsa Hecate, generi trux inimica suo.  
 Illa infernalis stygii tacodæmonis uxor,  
 Fæminei sexus pestis & atra lucis.  
 Nostri animi morbus, fera vipera, avernus averni;  
 Exitium, damnum, pernitiæque stygis;  
 Quid verò Henricus mihi tot profitetur amores  
 Nomina cum mea sint nunc odiosa tibi.  
 In vitro Henrici scriptum diademate, nostrum  
 Turpe sub Henrici nomine, nomen erat.  
 Tum tremulis manibus vitrum ablatura, verebar  
 Ne pura impuram proderet aura manum;  
 Nomina tum volui, lacrymosus ut eluat imber,  
 Nomina sunt lacrymis conspicienda magis;  
 Tum super impositâ dextrâ calasse putabam.  
 Cons. ia flagitii testis & illa fuit,  
 Sic vaga in æternum peccati infamia durat  
 Sonego facta semel, sed rea semper agar;  
 Quis dolor, aut luctus, qui nullo tempore languet?  
 Dedecoris sanat stigmata nulla dies:  
 Alta supervado interdum fastigia turris  
 Ut quæ longa nimis facta sit hinc a brevis  
 Ad summos apices, inhonestas scandendo latebras  
 Unde viatores transeo luminibus:  
 In me conjiciunt oculos puto, me quasi reddat,  
 Conspicuumque daret saxa per ipsa pudor,  
 Insontes feriunt inimico lumine muros;

And with such hate the harmlesse walls do view,  
 As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.  
 The married women curse my hateful life,  
 Wronging a faire Queen, and a vertuous wife,  
 The Maidens wish I buri'd quick may die,  
 And from each place where my abode do flie;  
 Well knew'st thou what a Monster I would be,  
 When thou didst build this Labyrinth for me,  
 Whose strange Meanders turning ev'ry way,  
 Are like the course wherein my youth did stray:  
 Only a clue doth guide me out and in,  
 But yet still walk I circular in sinne.

As in the Gallerie this other day,  
 I and my woman past the time away  
 'Mongst many pictures, which were hanging by,  
 The fillie girle at length hap't to espie;  
 Chaste Lucrece image, and desires to know  
 What she should be, her self that murd' red for  
 Why Girle (quoth I) this is the *Romane* Dame;  
 Not able then to tell the rest for shame,  
 My tongue doth mine own guiltinesse betray;  
 With that I sent the pratling wench away,  
 Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should hault,  
 My looks might prove the *Index* to my fault.  
 As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,  
 In beauties field pitching his crimson tent,  
 In lovely sanguine futes thy lillie cheeke,  
 Whil' st it but for a resting place doth seek;  
 And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,  
 Converts the white to red, the red to white:



Nostram acies oculi quæque minata necem :  
 Nunc mihi, quod spreta est Regina & castior luxor,  
 Optas iusta magis, conjugis ira crucem ;  
 Nunc ego ut in gelidum descendam viva sepulchrum,  
 Casta Puellarum vota præcæsq̃ue petunt :  
 Me monstrum fugiunt, benè nōsti quale ego monstrum  
 Hic mihi constructus cum Labyrinthus erat,  
 Qui gradibus dubiis & flexibus undiq̃ue curvus,  
 Mæandro est similis quem meus error habet,  
 Usque quidem filo circumferor intus & intus,  
 Huc illuc vitii circulus usque rapit :  
 Omnia cum nuper passim per claustra vagata,  
 Trivimus, ancilla me comitante, diem,  
 Picturas inter multas & anaglypha multa,  
 Quæ doctâ artificis sculpta fuere manu  
 Tarquinii Collatini castissima conjux,  
 Effigie forti nobilitata stetit  
 Hanc ubi conspexit simplex ancillula, mortem,  
 Quæ sibi conscivit, quæ precor, inquit erat ?  
 Hæc illa est, ego tum retuli matrona Quiritum,  
 Hæc illa, & vetuit plura referre pudor.  
 Pænè fatebatur fontem me prodiga lingua  
 Garrula quocirca missa puella foras  
 Turpia per dentes ne præcipitantis verba  
 Vultu significant indice turpe scelus.  
 Scilicet ut sanguis vitalis corde reclusus,  
 Coccinea in bello castra ressit agro,  
 Et placidos vultus rubicunda veste colorat  
 Miscet̃rque genis, at rosa liliolis  
 Cum requiem quærens commutat sepius albo

The blush with palenesse, for the place doth strive;  
 The palenesse thence the blush would gladly drive;  
 Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts *I* carry,  
 Which in my passion diversly do vary.

When as the Sun hales toward the western shade,  
 And the trees shadowes hath much taller made;  
 Forth go *I* to a little current neer,  
 Which like a wanton traile creeps here and there,  
 Where with mine Angle casting in my bait,  
 The little fishes (dreading the deceit)  
 With fearful nibbling flie th' inticing gin,  
 By nature taught what danger lies therein,  
 Things reasonlesse thus warn'd by nature be,  
 Yet *I* devour'd the bait was laid for me:  
 Thinking thereon, and breaking into groines,  
 The bubling spring which trips upon the stones  
 Chides me away, lest sitting but too uigh,  
 I should defile the native prairie:

*Rose of the world*, so doth import my name;  
*Shame of the world*, my life hath made the same;  
 And to th' unchaste this name shall given be  
 Of *Rosamond*, deriv'd from sinne and me.  
 The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,  
 Which hath been famous for so many yeares;  
 They blot my birth with hateful bastardie,  
 That *I* sprung not from their Nobilitie;  
 They my Alliance utterly refuse,  
 Nor will a *Strumpet* shall their name abuse;

Here in the garden wrought by curious hands,  
 Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands,

With

*Coccina liliolo, liliolumque rosa;*  
*Contendunt de sede simul pallorque, ruborque*  
*Certat pallorem pellere ab ore pudor;*  
*Sic mihi mille animi dubitantia pectora versant*  
*Dum mea se mutat mens nova & inde nova,*  
*Projectis ramorum umbris, ubi Phæbus Ibero,*  
*Pænè fatigatos, gurgite tingit equos;*  
*Vicinos propero ad latices, ubi rivulus undas*  
*Lascivo huc illuc symmatis instar agit,*  
*Fallacem hic escam injicio prædantibus hamis,*  
*Subdola sed prædam terret arundo suam;*  
*Insidias fugiunt pisces, calamoque recedunt*  
*Edocti timido rodere dente cibos,*  
*Naturæ normis animalia bruta monentur*  
*Ipsa ego stulta mihi mista aconita bibi;*  
*Hæc ego dum memoro suspiria tristia ducens,*  
*Increpat, irato flumine, bulla frequens;*  
*Ingemo, & objurgat lapidosus marmore rivus,*  
*Ni vitientur aqua lacrymâ, abire jubet:*  
*Heu Rosamunda ego sum, Rosa mundi nomine dicor*  
*Factâque sum mundi, non Rosa munda, pudor.*  
*Nomine famoso posthæc Rosamunda vocetur,*  
*Improba quæ Thais, quæ modo Lais erat.*  
*Insensi sua Cliffordi mihi nomina demunt,*  
*Nomina tam multo nobilitata die,*  
*Et mea, seu nata populo, natalia delent;*  
*Nec clarâ illorum stirpe oriunda fui;*  
*Sim licet affinis, cognatio nostra negatur,*  
*Dedixere sui nominis esse lupam:*  
*Hic, dextræ melioris opus spectabile, in horto*

With all her Nymphs got round about to hide her,  
 As when *Actæon* had by chance espied her;  
 This sacred image I no sooner view'd,  
 But as that metamorphos'd man, pursu'd  
 By his own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,  
 Which chase me still which way so e're I flie;  
 Touching the grasse, the honey dropping dew,  
 Which falls in teares upon my limber shoe;  
 Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,  
 As it would say why went'st thou to this ill?  
 Thus to no place in safety can I go,  
 But every thing doth give me cause of woe.

In that faire casket of such wondrous cost,  
 Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost,  
*Amimone* was wrought a harmlesse maid,  
 By *Neptune* that adult'rous god betraid;  
 She prostrate at his feet begging with prayers,  
 Wringing her hands, her eyes swoln up with teares;  
 This was not an intrapping bait from thee,  
 But by thy vertue gently warning me,  
 And to declare for what intent it came,  
 Left I therein should ever keep my shame;  
 And in this casket (ill I see it now)  
 That *Foves* love *Jo* turn'd into a Cow;  
 Yet was she kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,  
 So wakeful still be *Juno's* jealousies:  
 By this I well might have forewarned been,  
 T'have cleer'd my self to thy suspecting Queen;  
 Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,  
 Then had poor *Argus* single eyes to see.

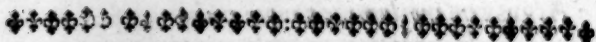
Fonte stat in medio nuda Diana dea.  
 Nympharum densâ circumstipata cohorte  
 Ut cum Cadmi aderat fortè aliquando nepos  
 Nec citiùs castæ speculabar imaginis ora,  
 Quin ego ut Actæon mox variata steti;  
 Ille molassorum rabie laniatus, idémque  
 Supplicium curis tradita praeda luo.  
 Advolitant ubicunque vagor, dum gramina tango  
 Fletur & in crepidas mellea gutta cadit;  
 Gemmea se solvens lugendo lacryma, visa est  
 Dicere quid scelus hoc? turpe quid ausa scelus est  
 Nulla mihi sedes superest, loca nulla quietis  
 Me luctum, luctu singula plena, monent  
 A te nocte illa, scelere quæ prævia nostro,  
 Mirè opulenta mihi capsula missa fuit;  
 Amimone virgo castissima pingitur intus,  
 Quam tulit in medias Glaucus adulter aquas;  
 Contorqueus digitos tumidor attollit ocellos  
 Et precibus supplex sternitur ante pedes;  
 Non fuit hoc, magni dolus & fallacia Regis  
 Præmopuit virtus me pietasque tua  
 Dixit & expressit quo sit mihi nomine missa,  
 Dedecoris nostri ne monumenta foret;  
 In vaccam mutasse Jovis, Mephitida, ancorem  
 Heu nimium tandem capsula serò docet.  
 Centenis oculis Jò custodiit Argus,  
 Zelotipòque vigil inmine Juno Jovem;  
 Hæc ego Regina poteram ratione fuisse  
 Inculcata tua criminibusque carens.  
 Custodi nostra si quis jam comparet Argum

In this thou rightly imitatest *Jove*,  
 Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love:  
 Nay, worser farre (beyond their beastly kinde,)  
 A Monster both in body and in minde.

The waxen taper which I burne by night,  
 With the dull vaprie dimnesse mocks my sight,  
 As though the damp which hinders the clear flame,  
 Come from my breath in that night of my shame,  
 When as it look't with a dark lowring eye,  
 To see the losse of my Virginitie:  
 And if a starre but by the glasse appear,  
 I straight intreat it not to look in here;  
 I am already hateful to the light,  
 And will it too betray me to the night?

Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,  
 Rid me of that by only murd'ring me,  
 And let it justly to my charge be laid,  
 That / thy person meant to have betray'd;  
 Thou shalt not need by circumstance t'accuse me,  
 If I deny it, let the Heavens refuse me;  
 My life's a blemish which doth cloud thy name,  
 Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame:  
 Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee,  
 In this shew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

Argus centeno lumine pauper erat :  
 Hoc Jovis obscænas imitare fideliter artes,  
 Scilicet in pecudem degeneravit amor.  
 Nec non sordidior quàm quævis bellua sordes?  
 Totâ ad prodigium carne animoque salax.  
 Cerea, nocturni multâ fuligine Lychni  
 Illudit teneros caca lucerna oculos,  
 Seu faculam interimens, illa sub nocte pudoris  
 Atrior è nostro fluxerat ore vapor,  
 Cùm vigil abdueto prospexit lumine lampas,  
 Cerneret ut rapta virginitatis opes :  
 Et si per tenues lucebat stella fenestras,  
 Huc noli inspicias stella precabar ego,  
 Vis etiam luna? sum dudum invisâ diei,  
 Stellula vis etiam prodere nocte scelus?  
 Quare, ego cùm tanti tibi dicar causa pudoris,  
 Hanc [citò me jugules] me jugulando necas,  
 Insidias, narra, meretrix tibi perfida struxi,  
 Dic majestatem me violasse tuam;  
 Non opus est multis ambagibus insimulare,  
 Si modò diffitear tartara nigra petam;  
 Dum vivo, tibi sum labe, tua nomina nubes  
 Obtego, at excussa nube relucet honor,  
 Fac precor excutias, si quid clementia possit,  
 Si quid possit amor, fac precor excutias.



## HENRY to ROSAMUND.

**W**hen first the Post arrived at my Tent,  
 And brought the letters *Rosamond* had sent,  
 Think from his lips but what deare comfort came,  
 When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,  
 Straight *I* injoyn'd him of thy health to tell,  
 Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well,  
 With new enquiries then *I* cut him short,  
 When of the same he gladly would report,  
 That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,  
 Catching the words half spoke out of his lips;  
 This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,  
 To lose no time, whilest I unripp'd the seal.  
 The more I reade, still do I erre the more,  
 As though mistaking somewhat said before,  
 Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,  
 Speaking again what I before had spoken;  
 Still in a swoond my heart revives and faints,  
 'Twixt hopes, despaires, 'twixt smiles and deep com-  
 As these sad accents sort in my desire. (plaints.  
 Smooth calmes, rough stormes, sharp frosts and ra-  
 (ging fires,  
 Put on with boldnesse, and put back with feares,  
 For oft thy troubles do extort my teares;  
 O, how my heart at that black line did tremble!  
 That blotted paper should thy self resemble:  
 O, were there paper but near half so white,  
 The gods thereon their sacred lawes would write,  
 With



## HENRICUS ROSAMUNDÆ.

**A**ppulerat nostras ubi primum nuncius oras,  
 Et mihi v'sa tuâ est chartula scriptâ  
 (manu,

Oh mihi quàm gratus fuit ille susurrus in aure,  
 Illâque quàm placuit vox, Rosamunda tua!  
 Quanta per attonitum ruperunt gaudia pectus,  
 Inque tuo quantum nomine lætus eram!

Illius à tremulis captavi verba labellis,  
 Verbaque nescio quæ dimidiata tulî.

Deque tua cupidè quæsiui multa salute  
 Hoc ego quàm volui tum, Rosamunda valet.

Quam voluit dixisse valet, correpta reliquit,  
 Verba, ego quærebam dum nova & inde nova.

Et raptim celerî rumpo dum pollice ceram,  
 Ne mora sit lapsò tempore, mille peto.

Sen quod præcessit mendax malè verteret error  
 Quo lectum magis est, hoc magis fallor ego

Plus cupio quo plura lego, dubiûsque quid hoc est,  
 Quodlibet, incertus quid sit, Iota lego.

Hinc velut excusso fragili de corpore morbo,  
 Sollicitum exultat pectus & inde tremit,

Obruor hinc lacrymis, mox letor distrabor inde,

Dum peragunt varias spēsque metûsque vices  
 Cor nimbis agitur, nostròque in pectore reg-  
 (nant,

Cum ventis glacies, flamma, pruina, gelu.

With pens of Angels wings, and for their ink,  
 That heavenly Nectar, their immortal drink.  
 Majestick courage strives to have suppress'd  
 This fearful passion stirr'd up in my breast.  
 But still in vaine the same I go about,  
 My heart must break within, or woes break out;  
 Am *I* at home pursu'd with private hate,  
 And warres comes raging to my Palace-gate?  
 Is meagre envie stabbing at my throne,  
 Treason attending when I walk alone?  
 And am I branded with the curse of *Rome*,  
 And stand condemned by a Councels doom?  
 And by the pride of my rebellions sonne,  
 Rich *Normandie* with Armies over-runne?  
 Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,  
 Unkinde my children, most unkinde my wife.  
 Grief, cares, old age, suspition to torment me,  
 Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;  
 So many woes, so many plagues to finde,  
 Sicknesse of body, discontent of minde,  
 Hopes left, helps rest, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,  
 Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken and afflicted.  
 Of all relief hath fortune quite bereft me?  
 Only my love yet to my comfort left me:  
 And is one beauty thought so great a thing,  
 To mitigate the sorrowes of a King?  
 Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,  
 Have we, then they, lesse priviledge in love?  
 Is it a King the woful widow heares?  
 Is it a King dries up the Orphants teares?  
 Is it a King regards the Clients cry:

*Anxia sæpè tui turbat mihi cura quietem,  
 Et cadit in mæstos lachryma multa sinus;  
 Quùm tremebundus eram, quum charta simillima dicta,  
 [Chartula litterulis improba facta] tibi!  
 Quæ si vel simili fælix splendore niteret  
 Scriberet hic leges Jupiter ipse suas,  
 Et sibi ab Angelicis pennam decerperet alis,  
 Quæ pro Atramento nectare tinctæ foret,  
 Fæmineum hunc trepido pulsasse à corde timorem  
 Bellica (sed frustra) mens mea sæpe velit  
 Fortius inductæ feriunt præcordia curæ  
 Ni rumpat dolor è pectore, rumpar ego  
 Siccine privatis odiis crudeliter uror,  
 Et pulsant nostras horrida bella fores?  
 Invidia tentatne manus mea sceptrâ ferire  
 Sæva meâque petit vitam, ubi solus eo?  
 Me, licet infontem, Synodi sententia damnat  
 Et famoso urit stigmate Roma suo.  
 Undique vexatur dives Normandia bello  
 Agmen ubi infestum filius hostis agit  
 Ingrati mihi natales, ingratiq; vita,  
 Natus inhumanus, sponsa benigna minus  
 Et cura & morbi cruciant mihi corpora, nullas  
 Delicias, nullam terra ministrat opem,  
 Gaudia diffugiunt, spes avolat unica cura  
 Permanet, hæc vita non benè grata come,  
 Fortuna, auxilium quòd erat, nimis aspera dempsit.  
 Solamen misero restat & unus amor.  
 Forma adœone valet Regis lenire dolores,  
 Creditur antidoti forma quod una satîs?*

Gives life to him by law condemn'd to die?  
 Is it his care the *Common-wealth* that keeps,  
 As doth the Nurse her Baby whilest it sleeps?  
 And that poor King of all those hopes prevented,  
 Unheard, unhelp'd, unpitti'd, unlamented?  
 Yet let me be with poverty oppress'd,  
 Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossest;  
 Let me be scorn'd, rejected and revil'd,  
 And from my Kingdom let me live exil'd,  
 Let the worlds curse upon me still remain,  
 And let the last bring on the first againe;  
 All miseries that wretched man may wound,  
 Leave for my comfort only *ROSAMOND*.  
 For thee swift time his speedy course doth stay,  
 At thy command the destinies obey;  
 Pitie is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,  
 And at thy feet even mercy prostrate lies.

If *I* were feeble, rheumatick or cold,  
 These were true signes that *I* were waxed old;  
 But *I* can march all day in massie steel,  
 Nor yet my armes unweildy weight do feel,  
 Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,  
 The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:  
 For very age, had *I* laine bed-rid long,  
 One smile of thine again could make me yonug.  
 Were there in Art a power but so divine,  
 As is in that sweet Angel-tongue of thine,  
 That great Enchantresse which once took such  
 To put young blood into old *Afons* veines, (pains  
 And in groves, mountains, and the moorish fen,  
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*Plebs quacunque velit felicior eligit ora  
 Libera num Regi vota negabit amor?  
 Num vidue tristis capit auris Regia questus?  
 Orborum siccat Regia cura genas?  
 Num rapit à durâ trepidantiâ colla securi,  
 Et dat supplicibus dextera Regis opem?  
 Servat ut infantem generosum sedula nutrix  
 Rex sua regna etiam tuta manere facit?  
 Cogitur ille tamen Rex desperare salutem  
 Infelix, spretus, perditus, exul, inops?  
 At sim tam pauper quàm nec miserabilis Irus,  
 Improba terrenas sors mihi demat opes.  
 Exul ego longè peregrinas mittar adoras  
 Stigmaticus, diris undique onustus eam.  
 Undique contemnar, me publica vota malignant  
 Communèsq; legant in mea damna preces,  
 Ceca tuis totus ladar fortuna sagittis  
 Unica restabit si Rosamunda mihi:  
 Pro te tardarunt fugientes tempora gressus  
 Et parent jussis ardua fata tuis.  
 Nata tuis si nata unquam clementia ocellis,  
 Quin amor ipse tuos sternitur ante pedes,  
 Si vel Rheumaticus, gelidusve aut debilis essem  
 Illa forent senii præscia signa mei,  
 Sed cataphractus ego totis incedo diebus,  
 Impositumque humerus non grave sentit onus,  
 Nec mihi sanguineum perturbant somnia vulnus,  
 Saxea, pro molli, sunt mihi castra toro;  
 Nunc ego si centum vixissem Clinicus annos  
 Verteret in juvenem me tua forma senem*

Sought out more herbs then had bin known to men,  
 And in the pow'rful potion that she makes,  
 Put blood of men, of birds, of beasts and snakes,  
 Never-had needed to have gone so farre,  
 To seek the soiles where all those simples are;  
 One accent from thy lips the blood more warmes,  
 Then all her philters, exorcismes and charmes.  
 Thy presence hath repaired in one day,  
 What many yeares with sorrowes did decay,  
 And made fresh beauty in her flower to spring,  
 Out of the wrinkles of-times ruining.  
 Ev'n as the hnngrny winter-starved earth,  
 When she by nature labours towards her birth,  
 Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,  
 One blossome forth after another peeps,  
 Till the small flower, whose root (at last) unbound,  
 Gets from the frostie prison of the ground,  
 Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,  
 Deck'd in fresh colours smiles upon the Sunne.

Never unquiet care lodg'd in their breast,  
 Where but one thought of *ROS AMOND* did rest:  
 Nor thirst, nor travel, which on warre attend,  
 E're brought the long-day to desired end:  
 Nor yet did pale feare, or lean famine live,  
 Where hope of thee did any comfort give:  
 Ah, what injustice then is this of thee,  
 That thus the guiltlesse do st condemn for me?  
 When only she (by means of mine offence)  
 Redeems thy pureness and thy innocence,  
 When to our wills perforce obey they must,  
 That's just in them, whater e in us unjust, Or

Tam modò divinum si numen in arte fuisset,  
 Quale habet à linguâ vox Rosamunda tua.  
 Erravit varios frustra Medea per hortos  
 Antrâque sollicitis vix adeunda viris,  
 Ignotas ipsis medicis ut quæreret herbas,  
 A soneum poterint quæ reparare senem;  
 Quid mixta humano prodest medicina cruore  
 Quid serpentino sanguine vel quid ave?  
 Oscula chara tuis prosunt subrepta labellis,  
 Plus tua quam magici pharmaca, philtrea valent.  
 Quantum Parca meis crescentibus addidit annis,  
 Visâ te, tantum detrahit una dies;  
 Quæque suum ponit sulcum irreparabile tempus  
 Inseruit blandis lilia mixta rosis  
 Sic nempe hyberno sterile scens tempore terra  
 Naturæ, ad partum, verè reposcit opem;  
 Manè suburbanos dum sol prorepat in hortos  
 Pullulat indè recens germen & indè recens,  
 Mox ex porrecto prorumpunt vertice flores  
 Et stricti linguunt vincula dura soli;  
 Tum fortes toto gaudent se exponere Phœbo,  
 Ludit & in patulis blandior aura comis,  
 Pectoribus nunquam dolor improbus hæsit in illis,  
 Vel dubitata quibus spes Rosamunda fuit.  
 Fecere, ut cuperem noctes mutare diebus  
 Nec via me, belli me nec anhelastis  
 Me, dum chara meo tu sis in pectore, belli  
 Nec timor invasit, nec macilenta fames;  
 Et tamen injustè de me sententia fertur,  
 Injontem, miserè dum facis esse reum.

Or what we do, not them account we make,  
 The fault craves pardon for th' offenders sake:  
 And what to work a Princes will may merit,  
 Hath deep'st impression in the gentlest spirit.

It be my name that doth thee so offend,  
 No more my self shall be mine own names friend,  
 If it be that which thou do'st only hate,  
 That name in my name lastly hath his date,  
 Say 'tis accurst, and fatal, and dispraise it,  
 If written blot it, if engraven rase it:  
 Say that of all names, 'tis a name of wo,  
 Once a Kings name, but now it is not so;  
 And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,  
 And therefore (Sweet) why should I now believ thee?  
 Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envie  
 (lowre,

Which passing by thee gaze up to thy tower,  
 But rather praise thine own which be so clear,  
 Which from thy turret like two starres appear:  
 Above the Sun doth shine, beneath thine eye,  
 Mocking the Heaven to make another skie.  
 The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,  
 Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,  
 To view thee well his course would gladly stay,  
 As loth from thee to part so soon away,  
 And with salutes thy self would gladly greet,  
 And offer up some small drops at thy feet;  
 But finding that the envious banks restrain it,  
 T'excuse it self doth in this sort complain it,  
 And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,

And



Totus ego fædo maculatus crimine damnor,  
 Tu tamen ex ipso hoc indice pura manes,  
 Nempe vel invitos mihi cum submittere oportet  
 Omnia iusta illis quæ mihi iusta minis  
 Fas quòdcunque peto, stat pro ratione voluntas  
 Et lons delictum vindicat ipse suum,  
 Munificus fieri princeps quæcunque jubebit,  
 Hac animo facili mens generosa capit,  
 Si modò displiceant oculo mea nomina, dicas,  
 Nominibûsque meis ipse inimicus ero.  
 Nomina damnentur, damnentur ut impia facsis,  
 Si, quoniam mea sint, sint odiosa tibi,  
 Inclita fac pereat titulorum gloria, nomen  
 Dele, dic titulus Regius ille perit,  
 Hac (singas liceat) fuerint si facta dolebis  
 Ergo tibi non est chara adhibenda fides,  
 Invidia obduetos nec credere oportet ocellos  
 Qui turrim aspectant prætereundo tuam,  
 Sed laudare tuos qui stella a turre videntur,  
 Sydere tam claro luminibûsque micant  
 Sol supra est, tuus infra oculus, cælumque minatur,  
 Æthera deridens, velle creare novum  
 Limpha tuam turrem quæ flumine lambit amico  
 Qua solita es fessos ludificare dies,  
 Heu quam sæpè, fugax, remorata est amula rivos  
 In vultus jactans lumina fixa tuos  
 Quàm cupit in teneros labi fluida unda lacertos!  
 Anplectique tuos quàm velit illa pedes!  
 Irata obstantes ripas culpæ videtur,  
 Et veniam, invito quod fugit amne, rogat;

And for thy want within the channel weep.  
 And as thou do'st into the water look,  
 The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,  
 Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,  
 So daunted with the lustre of thine eye,  
 And that sweet name which thou so much do'st  
 (wrong,

In timeshall be some famous Poets Song,  
 And with the very sweetnesse of that name,  
 Lions and Tigers men shall learne to tame.  
 The careful mother at her pensive breast,  
 With *Rosamond* shall bring her Babe to rest :  
 The little birds (by mens continual sound)  
 Shall learn to speak and prattle *Rosamond*;  
 And when in *April* they begin to sing,  
 With *Rosamond* shall welcome in the Spring ;  
 And she in whom all rarities are found,  
 Shall still be said to be a *Rosamond*.  
 The little flowers dropping their honied dew,  
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,  
 Not for thy fault (sweet *Rosamond*) do moane,  
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone :  
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,  
 That hemlock's made more sweeter then the Rose.  
 Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray,  
 Speak not of, lo, or *Amimone* ;  
 When she, for whom *Jove* once became a bull,  
 Compar'd with thee had been a tawny Trull,  
 He a white Bull, and she a whiter Cow ;  
 Yet he nor she ne're half so white as thou.

Long

Obstrepero plangit fugientes murmure campos,  
 In lacrymas abeunt flumina, tu quod abis,  
 Dum nitidas oculis radiantibus inspicis, undas,  
 Pisciculis, quibus es visa, nec esca placet;  
 Non opus est hamis salientes ducere pisces,  
 Pisciculos vultu luminibusque capis;  
 Et tua quæ tantum & toties mihi nomina damnas,  
 Clara olim magni carmine vatis erunt;  
 Mitescet quibus & rabidus leo, & aspera tigris,  
 Sic potes Orphæam vincere sola lyram;  
 Nomine nempe tuo, non plura crepundia gestans,  
 Lullabit prolem mater amica suam  
 Et solitas hominum voces imitata, per hortos  
 Garrula nil nisi te vere loquetur avis;  
 Et posthac semper Rosamunda vocabitur illa,  
 Quæ formâ superat, quæque de cora magis:  
 Mella super crepidas (scripsti) stillantur ab herbis,  
 Et cadit in teneros lacryma fusa pedes;  
 Non fletur, Rosamunda, tuas abstergere culpas,  
 Flet plorâtque brevem qua libet herba moram;  
 Nempe tuo pede sit viridis modò tacta cicuta,  
 Vertitur in blandam, sæva cicuta, rosam;  
 Neptuni mihi nec raptus, fraudisve Tonantis,  
 Neve Ius fletus Amimonæve refer,  
 Dammodo quam petiit nivei sub imagine tauri  
 Si tecum certet corpore, fœda fuit;  
 Sit bos hic niveus, sit & hæc mage candida vacca,  
 Sunt tamen Ethiopes, fuscus uterque tibi,  
 Cura fuit (nōsti) vigilem deludere sponsam,  
 Hinc tu Dædaleo carcere tuta manes.

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for,  
 To lodge thee safe from jealous *Ellinor*,  
 The Labyrinths conveyance guides thee so,  
 (Which only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know)  
 If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,  
 I have an hundred subtile *MERCURIES*  
 To watch that *ARGUS* which my love doth keep,  
 Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.  
 And those starres which look in, but look to see,  
 (Wond'ring) what star here on the earth should be,  
 As oft the Moon amidst the silent night,  
 Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,  
 And by the Curtains help'd mine eyes to see,  
 What envious night and darknesse hid from me;  
 When I have wish't that she might ever stay,  
 And other worlds might still enjoy the day.  
 What shall I say, words, teares and sighes be spent,  
 And want of time doth further help prevent,  
 My Camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,  
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous Conflicts are,  
 Yet is my Signal to the battles sound,  
 The blessed name of beauteous *ROSAMOND*.  
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,  
 Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death:  
 For in one smile or lowre from thy eye  
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.  
 Sweet *Woodstock* where my *ROSAMOND* doth rest,  
 Be blest in her, in whom thy King is blest.  
 For though in *France* a while my body be,  
 My heart remaines (Dear Paradise) in thee.

Et stexu vario Labyrinthi clauderis intus,  
 (Quem novit Vaughan, tu quoque & unus ego)  
 Quid quod centum oculis mea te custodiat uxor,  
 Mercurios totidem dum meus addit amor.  
 Novit & insomnes amor ille sopire dracones  
 Tôtque Argos, oculos quot vigil Argus habet  
 Invida quæque tuam perlustrat stellula turrim,  
 Miratur quanam pulcbrior indè nitet;  
 Sapiùs inspexit mediâ nos nocte Diana,  
 Indulsitque suas Cynthia amica faces;  
 Sic tenuis cortina dedit spectare figuram,  
 Quæ priùs est oculis, nocte negata meis;  
 Quàm volui semper noctem lunamque manere,  
 Eterno Antipodes sole, dièque frui!  
 Quid dicam? pereunt lacrymæ, suspiria, voces,  
 Quod mihi restat opis sævior hora negat;  
 Bellica terribili resonant mea castra boatu  
 Pejor at in toto pectore miles amor.  
 Te Rosamunda tubæ, te Classica nostra loquuntur,  
 Pugnandi signum tu Rosamunda mihi,  
 Illius intereant & vox & spiritus, audet  
 Qui meditata tuâ de nece verba loqui,  
 Nempe incerta tuo victoria ridet ocello  
 Illinc est mihi spes, vita, triumphus, honos;  
 Tuque domus, quæ chara manet Rosamunda, beatus  
 Quæ tuus & Rex est, esto beata domus;  
 Detineat corpus quanquam fera Gallia, tecum  
 Cor manet, Elysium deliciae meæ.